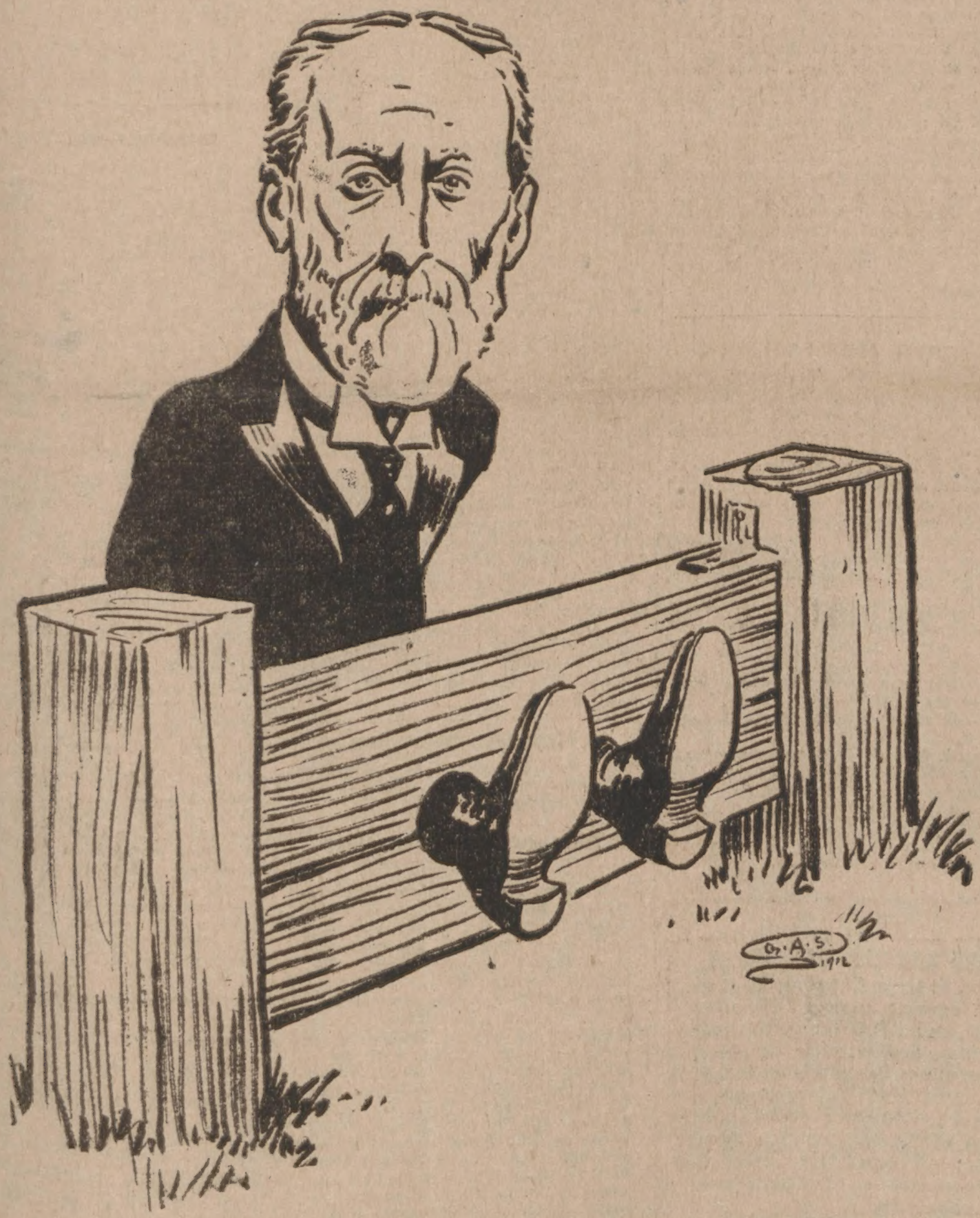
Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 207. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.



IN THE STOCKS.—No. 8: LORD HALIFAX.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why not dress better for less money; call or write for particulars, W. W. Hedgecoe and Co. (West End Cutting Experts) 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (two doors from Gray's Inn Road.).

Boots at wholesale prices, smart boots for winter wear; Chrome Derby leather lined, stout soles, all leather, 12s. 6d.; any other boot at equally low prices.—Brewood (League Member), 22, Dorothy Road, Leicester.

Dress suit, perfect condition, fit gentleman 5ft. 6in., chest 36in., accept 25s.; also dress coat and vest, 7s. 6d.; blue serge suit, good condition, fit gentleman 5ft. 8in., chest 46in., sacrifice, £1.—Box 100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vaudy (Dept. M. M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

For billiard tables, see Riley's announcement, page 1,469.

4½ h.p. water cooled Bradbury tricar, 2 speeds, clutch, handle starting, coach built forecar, good tyres, car had but little use, first class running order, owner bought bicycle; bargain, £23, cost over £90.—Box 104, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

8ft. mahogany bagatelle, closing, handsome, complete outfit, faultless, 44s.—Box 105, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's Grip bells, Sandow's book, cost 15s.; 6s. 6d.—Box 106, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Clease's developer apparatus.—Box 107, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For sale, cheap, trapeze, bars, rings; also assortment of juggler's sundries.—Box 108, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1463.

Dated October 19, 1912.

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MEDICAL, &c.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 5251, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

To Sportsmen! How to make a magnificent embrocation; genuine old recipe; send P.O. 1s.—Box 9950, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bald heads are melancholy objects. We possess recipe for excellent hair-grower. Used by hair-dressers of family hundred years. Ladies, gentlemen, send P.O. shilling.—Box 115, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain cure for falling hair and dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1466.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1469.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

For books, see Caxton Publishing Co.'s announcement on page 1465.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Roneo duplicator (foolscap) wanted; must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 972, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Actor wishes to dispose immediately of 750 small cigars, Havana tobacco, accept 10s. 6d. per 100 (worth double), or suitable exchange: a bargain for all smokers.—H. Carlton, 21, Station Parade, Wandsworth, S.W.

Gentleman's 9ct. double Albert, new condition; cost 84s., heavy, 67s.—Box 110, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's single stone diamond ring, £5 10s., cheap; exchange gun.—Box 111, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Greyhound bitch puppy, registered, £1, splendid animal.—Box 112, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's solid gold keyless chronograph stop watch, as new; sacrifice, £3 3s.—Box 113, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Remington typewriter, model 7, tin case, tabulating attachment, good condition, for immediate sale, or whole or part exchange, recently overhauled at factory; sacrifice nearest offer £5.—Box 114, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1470.

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Modern Man

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN *Fountain Pen will be sent.*

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

My Lord Halifax, your are arraigned before *Modern Man's* high Tribunal, in your capacity as president of the English Church Union, to answer a charge of having uttered statements out of all keeping with your weighty office. To quote from your speech before the Church Congress at Middlesbrough, on the subject of divorce: "It is no kindness or advantage to the poor to place within their reach greater facilities for that which experience has shown is a cause of demoralisation and misery to the rich. The reverse is what should be attempted, and instead of extending such facilities to the poor, the existing facilities for divorce should be taken away from the rich."

There are none so blind, my Lord Halifax, as those who will not see. And you evidently close your eyes to the fact that if the wanton section of the poor realise that divorce is impossible *under any circumstances*, they will, men and women alike, go and live with other women and men, with an immeasurably increased sense of security. You are setting a premium on matrimonial immorality by your ill-digested utterances, my Lord Halifax; and consequently, you are "in the stocks."

* * *

Kicked Out by Women.

Modern Man is a paper with a purpose; and we say frankly that we have little sympathy or even patience with papers without one. We are at great pains to point out prolific sources of social distress, and when some inconsequent and irresponsible periodical publishes matter calculated to operate against our earnest good work, it is not to be wondered at that we are annoyed.

We have in our mind chiefly, at the moment of writing, our recent carefully-weighed articles on the evils done to male breadwinners by women who work at far lesser wages. There is no denying these evils; and surely it might be presumed that our less serious contemporaries if they could not assist in our good work, might, at any rate, keep quiet on the subject, so as to do no harm. But no. A recent number of *Pearson's Weekly* contains an article "By A Successful Lady Traveller," describing the pleasing possibilities of this profession for women. Here is a passage, which, in our opinion, is liable to do incalculable harm to male travellers:—

"Many girls who are at present serving behind shop-counters and elsewhere in a subordinate capacity, have a knowledge of their trade which would enable them to succeed at travelling . . . ."

We contend that this is quite sufficient to flood the market with thousands of dissatisfied shop-girls anxious to take up travelling, and that it is liable eventually to deprive hundreds of male travellers of the work by which they support themselves and their families. The writer of the article may, perhaps, be excused, as his choice or otherwise of subjects is probably regulated by a stern financial necessity; but we cannot commend the paper's Editor on his action in printing an article of the kind.

* * *

Peterborough and The Shops Act.

There are "alarums and excursions" in Peterborough about the Shops Act, which became law some months ago. We hear that the City Council have refused to seal the order for the Thursday weekly half-holiday. An Alderman said that he would not give his vote for the enforcement of an Act which would cause many hundreds of people in the poorer districts great inconvenience.

This is a bold spirit, and apparently the Peterborough City Council are actuated by a solicitude for the welfare of the great majority of the poor population of the city. For this we commend them. But we would also remind them that when a measure has become part of the law of the land, it must be obeyed, no less by City Councils than by individuals. It will be illuminating to note the Government's action in the matter.

* * *

Bogus Motor Schools.

The Royal Automobile Club has decided to do an eminently sane and beneficent thing. So many bogus motor schools have sprung into being all over the land, and are multiplying at such a rate, that the R.A.C. in future will recommend genuine schools to anyone who, wishing to learn motoring, applies to it for advice.

That spells the passing of the bogus school. There will be far less likelihood henceforth of young men being dismissed for incompetence, after a few days' trial as motor-car drivers, because of the inadequacy of more or less dearly paid-for tuition. Good luck to the R.A.C.!

* * *

There is no time like the present. Secure the *Modern Man* safety razor now.

* * *

Telephonic Reign of Terror.

At the very moment of inscribing these lines, the writer is bubbling over with righteous wrath, directed, not for the first time by any means, against the Governmental telephone system. The following is the writer's latest agonising experience. He wished to speak to a friend in a business office in the City, and asked for 6514 Central.

After a lapse of several minutes he was answered by a weak voice; and then a minute or two of idle chat taught him that he had got 6514 Holborn. He again called the Exchange and asked for 6514 Central. Several more minutes' wait. Then another voice. More idle chat. And then the baleful information that this time the number was 6914 Central. The writer called up the Exchange again, and asked for his number. This time he waited for about five minutes, ringing intermittently, before a voice answered him. "Are you 6514 Central?" asked the writer. "No," was the reply, "we are the *Daily Chronicle*. . . ."

With his patience nearly—but not quite—gone, the scribe tried again, this time insisting on the Exchange girl repeating the number (6514 Central) several times. There was the usual long wait; and then the girl's voice was heard, announcing that the number was engaged . . .

So the scribe sat down to write this paragraph.

* * *

Children and Sheep.

There is an original individual living at Builth, in Breconshire. His wife and children are chargeable to the Union; and the relieving officer to that institution stated at a recent meeting of the board, that the man had announced his intention of applying to the Board of Trade for permission to sell his children. Among other statements, he said that "sheep were selling well at present, and he believed that his children would sell well if put up to private auction."

We are sorry that his wife and youngsters are chargeable to the Union; but he himself ought to be in another place—to wit, a lunatic asylum.

To-night (Monday) witnesses the reopening of the transmogrified Alhambra! There will be a new Revue, with four scenes, to wit, "New Park Lane," "The Stage of a West End Musical Comedy Theatre," "Earl's Court Exhibition," and "London's Latest Cabaret." Which one is that? We know several fairly late establishments of the kind. In fact, one doesn't shut all night.

* * *

Battle of the Links.

A picturesquely sylvan district in the north-west of the Metropolis was recently the scene of a weird warfare. It appears that a new golf-course has been started at Oxhey, and that the links are traversed by a footpath which the inhabitants of the district have used for many decades past.

This footpath was blocked a short time back by the officials of the golf club, who erected notice-boards bearing the inscription "No public footpath." This is what all the trouble is about. Seven hundred men recently invaded the links, traversing every path in single file, to the great inconvenience and annoyance of the golfers, who retaliated by sending mashie shots over the heads of the daring invaders.

There is more than a little of the farcical element in this; and *Modern Man* hardly sympathises with either side. For one it may be urged that it has a decided claim to the "right of way," and for the other, that golf cannot be played with adequate enjoyment and safety if pedestrians are allowed to cross the links. And as the club is renting the ground it ought to be allowed to take a suitable advantage of it.

Each side is said to be "fighting for its rights"—but why not do so like common-sense men, i.e., in the courts? There is something absolutely infantile in the tactics described above, which alienates any sympathy on the part of level-headed critics.

* * *

Expulsion for Released Suffragettes.

Crime, conviction, hunger-strike, release—these are the four chief chapters in a story that is stale now as well as sickening. Gladys Evans, condemned with Mrs. Leigh to five years' penal servitude for attempting to burn down the Theatre Royal at Dublin on the occasion of the Prime Minister's visit to the Irish capital, has also been released.

If these two creatures concoct and carry out some other murderous plot, how will the authorities who let them out exculpate themselves from their share of responsibility? It is true that the restored liberty of both these women is subjected to the condition that they do not break the law again, but what is the practical value of any such condition in the case of persons of their brand?

The number of released suffragettes (if we could have our way there would not be one) goes on mounting up, and every one of the militant lot is a peril as well as a pest. For at least the full term of their unexpired sentences all these "undesirables" should be expelled the country, bag and baggage. Transport them beyond the radius of the lime-light they love and live for.

* * *

She Cats.

The point that the hunger strike is the most cowardly weapon ever resorted to is one that needs no insistence. The Government have contributed to its success by releasing hunger strikers. Far better even that a few suicides should be consummated than that such a threat as is now made of a national hunger strike should approach realisation.

A Suffragette, whose name we suppress, seeks notoriety by advocating that if the Government doesn't do this or does do that, the women of Great Britain, beginning on December 26th, should refuse to eat.

The hunger strike is to be carried into, and carried on in, the homes of the people. Even details of organisation are mooted. It is no use to laugh at this idea of a national "campaign" because it originates from the fevered brain of a mad wild cat. Such madness as hers is an infectious malady—and there are many other mad wild cats already, each a potential agency of dissemination. When we cage mad wild cats, and then release them after a few weeks, we release them as mad and as wild and as catty as they go in.

* * *

Tom-Cat Sympathiser.

The she-cats have a tom-cat sympathiser in Mr. C. R. Price, of Letchworth. Summoned to serve on the grand jury at the Quarter Sessions at which Jane Shortt is to be tried for smashing the windows of Baldock post office in the cause of "Votes for Women," Price contends, in a letter to the Clerk of the Peace, that he is not liable to serve, but, supposing he is, he announces his "absolute refusal" to "take any part in the processes of law as applied to women until women are enfranchised." What price Price as a logician?

* * *

White Slave Traffic Bill.

A word of warning to the ecclesiastics, Free Church ministers, and other good people who are clamouring for the passing of the White Slave Bill in its original, unamended form. Persistence in this whole-or-nothing policy may go some way towards wrecking the Bill itself, which would be little short of a national disgrace. Our own criticism was directed against the clause giving the police the power of summary arrest on suspicion, but otherwise we have little fault to find with the Bill, which we welcome as something on account of the far more sweeping legislation for which we believe that public opinion is slowly ripening.

At the Lyceum meeting, the most practical and sensible utterance was that of the Bishop of London, when he advocated the punishment of the lash. If this hideous traffic is to be suppressed it will have to be put down by stronger hands than those of the "humanitarian" school of sentimentalists.

* * *

Parental Warning.

At a meeting in Manchester, the Rev. Father Day set the example of some plain speaking on sex questions, incidentally condemning modern fashions in women's dress.

Dr. E. Vipont Brown said he considered that the man who sent his lad to school without a clear warning concerning the dangers that he would meet, and without telling him something about the laws of sex, was guilty of little less than a crime—which defines exactly the position taken up by *Modern Man*. "I appeal to all mothers to safeguard their daughters by warning them of the dangers that beset their path," writes a lady correspondent.

* * *

Bishop Retracts.

The Bishop of the Falkland Islands made a mistake in declaring—and publishing his declaration far and wide—that unless he received by the end of September an adequate response to his appeal for £100,000 for the urgent needs of his distant diocese he would never go back to it. That was quite the wrong spirit in which to make any such appeal.

The end of September has come and passed, and his lordship has to confess that his appeal has been an utter failure. He has learnt that the public are not to be bullied out of their money. But as regards his ill-advised threat, the Bishop's better sense has come to his rescue. He publicly admits that he was wrong to make it, and announces that he is going back to Western South America after all—like a good boy. A *volte-face* like this requires more pluck and grit than we gave him credit for. To make a public meal of one's own words is never pleasant, and we are glad to supply, in this case, the digestive sauce of commendation.

* * *

Mad Murderers at Large.

"I have frequently directed attention to the number of cases in which persons accused of attempted murder have previously been confined in an asylum," said the Recorder at the Old Bailey. So have we. "They ought never to have been released," is the Recorder's opinion. Of course they ought never to have been released. "It certainly is a very alarming condition of things that we should have so many of these cases." That's a self-evident proposition.

* * *

Man's Responsibility for Debts.

In view of our uncompromising attitude towards the recent Wilks Income Tax case, and with special regard to our article last week entitled "Rot!" in which we showed up the fallacy of holding a man liable for his wife's income-tax, when he cannot legally touch her income, we are glad to note the following piece of news.

Earl Russell has given notice of a motion in the House of Lords, calling attention to the imprisonment of Mr. Mark Wilks, at the instance of the Treasury for non-payment of his wife's income-tax, and to move to resolve: "That, in the opinion of this House, the present state of the law which renders a man liable to indefinite terms of imprisonment for matters over which he is by statute deprived of any control is undesirable, and should be amended."

There could be no clearer endorsement than these words of all or any of our remarks on the subject in the columns of *Modern Man*.

There is to be a big suffragette meeting at the Albert Hall on Thursday next, October 17. Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence will speak, and speak plainly too, we guess. Perseverance will have its reward.

* * *

Sheffield Watch Committee.

Where the internal forces of an organisation are divided against each other there cannot be adequate or harmonious working—and the Sheffield Watch Committee are no exception to the rule. The ill-conceived—to give it a very mild designation—"general order" whereby every member of the police force is turned into a sort of spy on his colleagues, is an unthinkable system, and must not be allowed to continue. Now that Commander Scott, the Chief Constable, has taken the only course that dignity left open to him, i.e., by resigning his post, we hope—nay, we demand—that the Committee withdraw this outrageous order, and allow Commander Scott's successor to enforce discipline by reputable methods.

* * *

"Crossing" in Horse-Races.

There has been far too much "reckless"—we might be tempted to say "foul"—riding under Jockey Club rules this season; and the latest instance of this up to the time of going to press is the obstruction of Cascade, ridden by Donoghue, in the Frogmore Nursery Handicap at Windsor on Wednesday. Something crossed Cascade and brought her down, and Donoghue was severely hurt in the face and head. What we want to know is: Why the rule that says a jockey must be two clear lengths in front before crossing is not more rigidly enforced by the Jockey Club Stewards? *Modern Man* earnestly recommends that august body to wake up and look into the matter without delay.

* * *

Bravery or ——?

"Who's afraid?" shouted a labourer named Henry Evans when, on being challenged by a companion, he leapt forty feet from a bridge into the Pyrmont River, at Sydney, and was drowned. If the wretched individual regarded his action as a brave one, the fact would hardly testify to any great mental qualities on his part, for in risking—and, as it proved, losing—his life, he was serving no useful purpose. He was, in sober common-sense, merely acting like a fool, and his folly cost him dear. If he had treated his companion's "challenge" with the contempt it deserved, he might have given proof of a measure of moral courage—but as it is, he has proved his possession of neither moral nor physical bravery. For, had he *known* that he would certainly be drowned, the odds are ten million to nothing that he would not have jumped in.

* * *

Tottenham Workshy.

What's he going to do about the matter? "He" is a Tottenham man, who has been judicially separated from his wife and ordered to pay her ten shillings a week. During the whole of the year prior to the separation he contributed only twenty-three shillings towards her support and that of their eight children.

His wife, not he, was the bread-winner. His defence was that, by virtue of an agreement with her, he had stayed at home to do the washing and the house work, and to mind the children while she went out to labour for the board that perisheth.

He further claimed that on one occasion he did some work for the landlord, for which he received £2; but it transpired that he paid another man £1 5s. to do it, netting the odd fifteen shillings himself for doing nothing!

If he's not the laziest man on earth he runs the Simon pure remarkably close. But he'll have to hustle a bit now. That weekly ten shillings has got to be found, and an extra few for his own support as well.

* * *

The Walworth Creche.

We want to be perfectly fair to the good people who run the Walworth Creche, and to say no word at all calculated unduly to hamper their beneficent activities. But their recent lamentable exhibition of incompetence has provided an occasion for the plainest of plain speaking.

Imprimis, why were unqualified nurses given charge of the Tooting branch, which was opened only three months ago, and which, very significantly, is now being closed? And secondly, why was the medical attendant there merely an honorary one?

That the Creche has an honorary superintendent—Miss Fanny Kinghorn, to wit—we can well understand; but the best-intentioned doctor in the world is not likely to display quite the same alacrity in the case of unremunerative patients as in that of those who are associated with a fee.

And then there is the reluctance of a nurse—especially an unqualified one—to send for a doctor whose services are gratuitous, unless there be the most patently urgent need for his attendance. This reluctance was manifest at the Tooting babies' home—and four of the infants died in one week!

While, to crown it all, Miss Kinghorn, when asked by the coroner why he had not been informed of the deaths, made the almost incredibly astounding reply: "I did not know we had to inform the coroner"!

A new superintendent—whether honorary or not—an adequately remunerated medical attendant, and a staff of qualified nurses, and doubtless the Walworth Creche will be in every way a most admirable institution; but if things continue as they are, it will be an object of the gravest suspicion, and may eventually be suppressed.

* * *

No Mercy in Civil Life.

Give a dog a bad name and you may as well hang him. It's true that Thomas Casey spent five of his earlier years in a reformatory, but he afterwards served with honour in the Army, and that fact ought effectually to have wiped out any stigma attaching to those earlier years. It didn't, however. To repeat his own words, he "found no mercy in civil life."

Not altogether unnaturally, therefore, he drifted into a career of drink and crime, which has led to his being sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing an overcoat.

Although such punishment seems a misfit for such an offence, the Recorder who sentenced him was doubtless justified in saying that, for his own sake, he needed to be kept under strict discipline. But how different it all might have been if a little more mercy in civil life had been shown him. If an ex-reformatory boy is to be treated as though he had continued and developed the waywardness through which he had been placed under restraint, what conceivable advantage can there possibly be in the system?

* * *

Spoiling for a Fight.

There is no doubt whatever that the attack on Turkey by Montenegro was only the first move in a carefully-formulated plan of campaign arranged between all the rebellious Balkan States. Bulgaria and Servia have now joined in the contest, and within the next few days a general conflagration is expected in the Balkan area, when the slow Greek mobilisation is eventually completed. It is obvious that the respective insurgents did not intend to be baulked of their chance of taking Turkey in an adverse moment, for this is demonstrated by the specious character of their reply to the representations of the Great Powers, viz.:—

(a) That relations with Turkey are so critical that no intervention can be of effect.

(b) That no guarantees are given for the execution of the reforms promised by Turkey.

Relations with Turkey always were critical, so that the first point carries no special weight. And as regards the second, the Powers would have been quite pleased to enforce upon Turkey her fulfilment of the promised reforms. The whole thing, in a nutshell, is that the Balkan races were spoiling for a fight, and their leaders dared not, for fear of their lives, deny them a conflict. This is why war is now being waged—in vain.

The powers declared plainly that in any case they would not allow the insurgents, even if they won, to profit by their success; so that the only result will be the loss of many lives and much money for no useful purpose whatsoever.

* * *

Bonuses for Babies.

The Federal Senate of Australia has passed the third reading of the Maternity Bill, providing for the payment of a bonus up to a maximum amount of £5 in respect of every child born in Australia of white parentage. We hope—if only for the sake of the Federal Exchequer—that this will not lead to a wholesale immigration of Mormons to the Commonwealth.

* * *

It's as true now as it ever has been, that experience teaches. It ought to have occurred to people long ago that balancing weights on the sides of lifts should be fenced in, but it didn't.

Now, however, that Alfred Goddard has been crushed to death by one such weight, of between four and five tons, the fencing-in suggestion has been made by the jury; and if not acted upon voluntarily it ought to be enforced.

The ingenuity with which the man who is caught a-burgling seeks to explain the compromising situation in which he has been found, would seem to be inexhaustible. Here is the latest instance of it: "My mates pushed me through the window for a lark," said John Carr, when charged on remand at Stratford with breaking into a house.

And the sceptical magistrate actually committed him for trial!

* * *

Assistant Postman's Defence.

"I only got twelve-and-six a week; I had to do this," doesn't, of course, justify the condonation of a theft; but it seems to us that those who are responsible for employing an assistant postman at that miserably inadequate remuneration, and entrusting him with valuable packages for delivery, render themselves pretty well as criminal as the man himself, in the event of his yielding to temptation and appropriating watches and other posted valuables that do not belong to him.

Is it too much to hope that the case of James Halls, the twelve-and-sixpence a week assistant postman who was arrested the other day for stealing two gold watch bracelets, will lead to at least one obviously and urgently needed reform in the postal service?

* * *

Rural Decay.

A dismal picture is drawn of the two ruined villages of Woodsend and Snap, in Wiltshire, and of surrounding desolation.

By the conversion of a great tract of agricultural land into pasture, almost wholly for sheep, the local farming interest—farming, that is, in its larger and more correct sense—has been ruined, and with it all the many minor but important interests necessarily associated with agriculture.

Farmsteads and cottages falling or fallen into decay; a countryside depopulated; a boarded-up church, swarming with vermin; a scholarless school-room, tumbling to pieces—all this represents a terrible sacrifice for the sake of mutton and the pocket of a single landowner.

* * *

Horrible Homes.

Modern Man supports in principle, and will do all that it possibly can do to support in practice, the resolution carried at the concluding meeting of the Miners' Conference that "every effort be put forth to secure legislation for proper housing accommodation for the working classes of the country."

Let the following figures speak for themselves. One-third of the population, in town and country, are living in overcrowded conditions. Eight hundred thousand people in London alone are housed in dwellings which differ only in degree as to their unfitness for human habitation; and every other city of size has its own slum areas. Scattered in profusion throughout the rural districts, thousands of our splendid peasantry are born and bred—to marry and have families—in cottages scarcely fit for swine. Out of one million children born into this country every year 137,000 die under twelve months old, and nearly a million children die yearly under the age of twelve years. Much of this infant mortality is preventible, being due to horrible housing conditions.

Mr. Samuel Roebuck, in proposing the resolution to which we are speaking, and in denouncing specially the housing conditions prevalent in Leeds, Sheffield, Northumberland, Durham and Cumberland, said that in the area not only of the old but of the newly developed coalfields, those conditions were deplorable indeed.

* * *

Startling Suggestion in Store.

We have an object in so frequently bringing before our readers this subject of the plenitude of humanly-inhabited pig-sties, and the paucity of decent dwellings for our peasantry and our poor generally. We want to prepare them for a startling suggestion of our own for remedying this evil from one end of the land to the other, which we shall publish as soon as ever we think the proper moment has arrived. It will be received with a howl of "Shocking!" from many quarters, and we shall need—if we are to get even a hearing—the support of just such level-headed, broad-minded men as *Modern Man* alone appeals to or cares to appeal to.

* * *

Callous Brutality.

Few sentences are better deserved than those inflicted for cruelty to animals, and not many people will fail to endorse the action of the Tottenham Bench in sentencing George Easter to a month's hard labour for knocking out a heifer's eye.

A more revolting instance of callous brutality has seldom come under the notice of the R.S.P.C.A., and even if Easter had been condemned to spend his Christmas in prison, his punishment would not have been excessive.

* * *

Vote of Censure on the Almighty.

The Rev. J. H. White, Vicar of St. Augustine's, South Croydon, mocks at the idea of harvest thanksgiving services this year. In his parish magazine he has so written, and in his pulpit he has so spoken, as to leave no room for doubt but that in his opinion the Almighty has made a muddle of things this autumn, wrongfully withholding from farmers at home the abundance He has wrongfully given to farmers abroad—acting in fact, without consulting the Rev. J. H. White.

According to this egregious cleric, God's wisdom is not to be trusted to measure the gifts that God's love inspires, and when a man doesn't get as much as he thinks he wants he shouldn't be thankful for what he does get.

In the matter of a sane and reverent conception of the relations between the Creator and His creatures, Mr. J. H. White, of South Croydon, "the heathen in his blindness" could give you points.

* * *

Belauded Harem System.

Of the daring of women shall there be an end? Here is Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, all the way from the Punjab, paradise of polygamy, belauding at solemn and sedate Oxford the uxorious system of the harem!

A childless wife "lavishing life love on her husband's children by another living woman," she describes as "that most beautiful, most sublime spectacle on earth."

Perhaps it is, and maybe it's to be seen in the Punjab. But over here it is not particularly common for a wife, whether childless or not, to manifest excessive fondness for the children of even a dead predecessor; and she certainly would not do so for those of a live contemporary.

And does Mrs. Flora Annie Steel imagine we are so pathetically simple as to believe she herself would be content to play second fiddle to a Mrs. Mary Jane Steel or to a Mrs. Lobelia Ermintrude Steel, or that either of these equally charming creatures would tamely submit to occupy a subsidiary niche in Mr. Much-married Steel's affections?

When, too, this unblushing advocate of wife-plurality says that one of the recommendations of polygamy is the enormous advantage of one wife ordering the dinner for one week and another wife ordering it for the next, she betrays a propensity for the unconsciously humorous that strongly tempts us to start a *Modern Man* Comic Supplement and to hand it over to her editorial care.

* * *

Would-be Train Wrecker.

Ernest Nye is an uncannily precocious youth whose mental pabulum would seem to have consisted largely of graphic yarns of train-wrecking in the wild and woolly West.

At any rate, when he found himself in the presence of the Canterbury magistrates it transpired that he had dragged a bar of railway metal, weighing about 1cwt. 150 yards and laid it on the rails when a "fast" from London was approaching, "just to see what the train would do."

Fortunately what the train did was to remove the obstacle by means of the cross-rod of the engine, to the bitter disappointment, no doubt, of Master Ernest, who probably had expected a chaos of Hades and Pandemonium as the result of his interesting little performance.

A judicious application of the birch to his unprotected person will insure the safety of Kentish trains for the future—so far, at all events, as he is concerned.

* * *

Murderous Flannelette.

The judge who ruled that flannelette might legally be called flannelette, though it is made wholly of cotton, with a fluffed surface, probably did much to boom the murderous stuff into popularity. Prior to its introduction in 1885, the annual number of deaths from burning of children under ten was about 700—now it is about 1,250. The blame for the increase is on flannelette. When the public took alarm, they were humbugged with "non-inflammable" flannelette that was inflammable—and they are largely so humbugged still. From one London shop recently 78 lengths of "safety flannelette" were taken and officially tested. Every length burned rapidly, and 58 of the pieces were entirely consumed in one minute. Even where there is originally a degree of efficiency in the processes employed to make the material fire-proof, we have the authority of the Home Office Committee for stating that after a few washings the effects of the processes are nil.

It is now said that "nothing more is required than to amend the Merchandise Marks Act of 1887 by adding a provision making it penal to describe as uninflammable material which will not stand certain prescribed tests." But something more is required. Make it penal to offer for sale in any circumstances flannelette that has not been so tested as to "stand certain prescribed tests."

* * *

Hustling Twentieth Century.

At last! The picture play censorship is now an established fact. The Manchester licensing justices have informed all managers and proprietors of picture shows within the area of their activities that they must apply in person on October 18th for the renewal of their licenses. That renewal will depend upon the kind of films that have been exhibited. Some of these, the justices aver, are unfit for the eyes of young people who visit the shows.

It would be folly to expect cinematograph managers and proprietors to preserve invariably a high moral tone in their shows if left entirely to themselves. They are out to make money, not to promote ethics. This is the hustling twentieth century, not the Millennium.

* * *

Police and Unclaimed Property.

The other day a waste-paper warehouse-keeper, on whose premises an unclaimed pearl pendant, valued at £10, was found, claimed that it belonged to him until its real ownership was satisfactorily established.

A police inspector suggested that it should be held by the police for inquiries as to the owner, and the applicant demurred, saying that six years before, a valuable ring was found under similar circumstances, and that he (the witness) after handing it to the police had heard nothing more about it. The inspector said that things which were unclaimed at the end of twelve months were sold.

It is just this that we do not like. We maintain that if the rightful owner appears to claim lost property it should be restored immediately, but that in the event of its remaining unclaimed at the end of a suitable period, it should be considered the property of the finder.

To invest the police with a prior right in this respect over private individuals is a direct contravention of the liberty of the subject; and we are glad to note that in the case in question the magistrate's decision was an endorsement of our contention.

* * *

Wandering Mr. Ward.

The intelligent body of electors who placed Mr. Dudley Ward, M.P., in the receipt of £400 a year, by sending him to the House of Commons to represent Southampton in the Liberal interest, recently had cause to feel aggrieved with their member. After absenting himself from the House last spring, Mr. Ward visited Canada, and in June his constituents presented a petition to the Master of Elibank, then Chief Whip, asking him either to obtain the resignation of Mr. Dudley Ward or to compel him to return to his parliamentary duties. He had then, so the petition stated, only voted in eight divisions out of 89 up to the 12th of May previous.

Mr. Ward returned to his place in the House of Commons a few days ago, and he has now been appointed parliamentary private secretary to Mr. Illingworth, the new Chief Whip. Is this a leery means of gluing the would-be wanderer to the precincts of St. Stephen's? We wonder . . .

INDISCRETIONS.

We are more than a little interested to know the motives of a certain peer for selling a pair of blood-stained silk stockings which had been in his family's possession for centuries.

* * *

What is the real cause of the *désagrément* between a well-known author and his almost equally successful literary wife? And why did he say the other day that if he continued to live with her, he would never write another book?

* * *

What had the two extraordinary-looking young Jewish gentlemen, with rouged cheeks, obviously blackened eyelids and lashes, and heliotrope evening suits, been doing the other evening to be so unceremoniously hurled on to the pavement from the front entrance of a West End music-hall?

* * *

We have some growing suspicions in our mind as to the underlying causes which led an impoverished lady of family to sell her household goods, sub-let her house in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and go into retirement in a small watering-place in the North of France.

* * *

We should not be surprised if this was due to diplomatic action on the part of Scotland Yard, regarding the numbers of people who, until quite recently, assembled for "chemin de fer," and other recreations, at the town house in question.

* * *

We are inquisitive to ascertain why a titled lady, member of one of the smartest ladies' clubs, has been asked by the committee to resign her membership. We wonder if this has anything to do with persistent rumours about her having "made a book" and "forgotten" to pay several winning clients.

* * *

Why has an elderly and very wealthy married mining magnate offered his valet an assured income of £500 per annum for life, on condition that he marries a seventeen-year-old girl who was recently employed at the milliner's patronised by the mining Crœsus's wife?

The valet has never seen the girl. We wonder whether his master has.

* * *

An unpleasant story reaches our ken from a country house in a Northern county. It appears that among the numerous and rather variegated gathering stopping there is—or rather was, for she has taken her departure—a pretty young girl, daughter of an impoverished gentleman of the county. This young lady, it seems, found herself heavily indebted—over cards—to a member of a comparatively modern peerage of Hebraic extraction.

Imagine her surprise to awake suddenly one night and find this chivalrous nobleman groping about in her room. She naturally ordered him out: whereupon he offered to cancel her debts to him on certain conditions. Luckily, however, the lady kept her head, and by threatening to make an outcry, induced him to retire as silently as he had come.

A query that immediately strikes us is what the titled—but none too prosperous—hostess was thinking of, knowing as she did the character of the man, to put the girl in the room next to his—and with a door communicating?

SPECULATION: WILL HE GET THROUGH?

LOVE AND THE PISTOL.

Discussing a Grave State of Affairs.

It was not long ago that a contributor discussed a grave phase of modern life in the course of a *Modern Man* article, entitled "The Surge of Suicide." He did not, however, touch on what is perhaps an even more terribly prevalent tendency among a certain section of the population—a section which we do not hesitate to describe as insane in one respect.

We are referring to the absolutely dreadful total of murders which have taken place recently, in which there has been an outstanding and inseparable erotic element. A certain well-known type of journal might call it "love interest." We prefer to describe it as amative insanity.

Instances of this have been of appalling frequence of late years; and to go back for any appreciable period of time would call for considerably more space than I have at my command. Consequently I will limit myself to the time of the murder—for it cannot have been anything else—of Dora May Gray, a pretty girl of 18 or 19, on Yarmouth beach last July.

The facts are too vivid to need repetition here; and it is clear to all save those who will not see that this comes under the category of what French law calls *Crimes passionels*, or crimes of passion.

Some Recent Cases.

More recent is the case of Florence, or Flo, Dudley, a music-hall performer. She was shot in a taxi-cab between Holborn and Fenchurch Street by a male companion. The latter, a married man with children, is said to have made a will leaving practically all his property to Flo Dudley's little boy, between whom and himself it is not even suggested that there was the remotest relationship. It is clear then that the death of Dudley—of whom he was obviously devotedly fond—was the result of some terrible warping of an affection which cannot have been purely platonic or spiritual.

It should be particularly noted that in this case the crime was committed with a pistol. This was also the case in another dreadful tragedy, said to have hinged on an insane jealousy of passion, and which involved death to one person and grave injuries to four others.

This is the quite recent shooting affray in the Tottenham Court Road, when an Armenian-Turkish subject shot dead Miss Esther Towers, the assistant manageress of the Horseshoe Hotel, with whom he is supposed to have been violently in love, and subsequently, in attempting to stall off a crowd of pursuers, wounded several other people.

One girl sorely wounded in the throat with a razor, and a youth (who inflicted both injuries) dead—is the terrible toll of yet another lover's crime. A Wolverhampton man and his wife were sitting at home when they heard screams and the noise of a scuffle coming from the rear of the house. The man went out and cried "Who's there?" He saw a strange girl, who moaned "He's cut my throat," and then collapsed. The man then discovered a youth in a stooping position some few yards away, and dragging him into the light, saw to his indescribable horror that the other was his own son! The boy—he was only twenty—died in his father's arms, through a self-inflicted razor-gash, less than a minute later.

The girl is now in Wolverhampton Hospital in a critical condition, and it will be some considerable time—if ever—before she can tell her story. It is, however, only too clearly on the face of it, the same old tale—love and jealousy.

Cause of the Increase.

"I have done this deed through her grand-mother and father. They are against us going together, and have been for over two years, but I don't mean to let anyone else have her . . ."

These dreadfully significent lines were found written in pencil in a pocket-book discovered on a young Belbroughton man of 24, who was found dead in a pool, tightly clasping the corpse of a seventeen-year-old girl whose throat was cut. In the last sentence—"I don't mean to let anyone else have her"—we clearly have the root cause of these fearful tragedies, and their alarmingly increasing prevalence.

We have already defined the evil as "amative insanity," taking the form, in terribly numerous cases, of frenzied jealousy. If we wish to keep down these tragedies, we must combat this amative insanity with all the force at our command.

"OUR JOE'S" FAMED CITY.

About Birmingham and its Activities.

After the City of London, there is, perhaps, no more up-to-date city than the capital of Warwickshire, to wit, Birmingham. There is in Birmingham, as represented by its governing bodies, a spirit of progress which is not bettered, if it is indeed equalled, by any other provincial town.

Up and Doing.

Birmingham must be on the move. It is always evolving ideas for reform; and whether its reforms are finally advantageous or otherwise does not make any difference to the fact which forms the main *raison d'être* of this article. This is that, whether for right or wrong, Birmingham will not remain in a state of quiescence, she must be up and doing.

The latest move—a move by reason of which Birmingham is very much in the public eye at the present time, is the campaign which the Birmingham Licensing Committee is initiating with regard to the drink question. Among the recommendations which have been submitted by that body to the City Justices are the following:—

That public-houses should be closed at ten o'clock at night.

That they should be open for only three hours on Sundays.

That no woman or person under sixteen should be served before noon.

That licensed houses should not be opened before eight-thirty a.m.

That grocers' licenses should be abolished.

That the basis of the license duty be the quantity of the drink sold, and

That clubs be on the same footing as licensed premises as to police supervision.

Here we have some very sweeping reforms which however much a large section of the public may cavil at them (as it undoubtedly will), clearly shows the great measure of moral courage possessed by Birmingham as a whole. It is this go-ahead, fear-nothing spirit, carrying reforms in spite of strenuous opposition that has made Birmingham the force she is in the industrial no less than in the political world.

Synonym for "Hardware."

Industrially, Birmingham is a synonym for "hard-ware." It is hardly possible to enumerate even the principal branches of this industry, for they are so numerous.

It is safe to say that everything that is made of iron, brass, or other metals, from pins and pens to engines, torpedoes and other media of warlike destruction, is manufactured in Birmingham. It is an astonishing fact that 20 tons (44,800lbs.) of steel are cut up every week in the manufacture of steel pens alone.

At Small Heath there are extensive works for the manufacture of "small arms" (rifles, air-guns and so forth); and gatling guns are made at Perry Bar.

But apart from bicycles, jewellery of all kinds, and stained glass, perhaps the product of Birmingham which springs first to the mind of the man in the street is the harmless but necessary screw. In fact, we owe the screw, as we know it to-day, to Birmingham's Grand Old Man, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Invented the Pointed Screw.

He is not Birmingham-born, having first looked on the light in a house at Camberwell; but all his affections are centred in the Warwickshire capital. It was here that he made his simple yet great invention, by which his present immense fortune was amassed, to wit, the pointed screw.

Previous to this invention screws had blunt ends, and had to be hammered hard into the substance which they were to support before they could be turned. Mr. Chamberlain simply evolved the idea of a sharp point (thus obviating any undue exertion with the hammer), and made not only his own fortune, but provided work for many hundreds of men and women.

And it is all to the honour of Birmingham that Mr. Chamberlain is still enshrined in everybody's heart in that city as "Our Joe."

There is no use blinking at the fact that the famous politician will be an invalid in body and mind, until the end. But that does not matter. He is now, and will still remain, long after he has left us, Birmingham's Grand Old Man.

COMMENT AND HUMOUR.

An Interesting Mixture.

Diner: Waiter, what is the matter with this establishment? This steak is burnt black.

Waiter: Yessir. Mark of respec', sir. Our head cook died yestiddy!

* * *

Living in the Isle of Wight is a family of three brothers and two sisters who are all in receipt of the old-age pension, and whose combined ages total 387 years. The veteran of the family is Mrs. Ann Harris, of Cowes, aged 84; the "baby" of the family is Mr. Robt. Butt, of Niton, who has only seen 72 summers.

* * *

First Artist: What's become of Paynter lately?

Second Do.: "Oh, he's chucked art—gone in for a laundry."

First Do.: Well, he's bound to have his work on the line now, anyway.

* * *

One of the best monkey turns on the variety stage is "The Great Little Nap," who, when seen at the Victoria Palace some nights ago, did some very clever things entirely by himself. One little point, however. To dress up a monkey in a costume historically associated with the great Emperor of the French seems, at any rate, hardly in keeping with the fitness of things.

* * *

We do wish that some of the bright young writers adorning the pages of our contemporaries with their brain-waves could learn the meaning of the word "literally."

The misuse of this unfortunate locution is perfectly sickening—one had almost written "literally" sickening. The other day a newspaper representative reporting the feats of a famous airman added the hardly credible detail that on the aviator alighting, the spectators "literally swarmed all over him." We know that when one is high in the air the people on the solid earth look like the merest insects, but there is no reason for them to behave as such.

* * *

QUITE AN IMPROVEMENT.

Monty: "What the deuce have you got on, Algy?"
Algy: "Aw—the confounded pegtop trousers have become too beastly common—thought I'd give nature a chance."

RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

Corruption in the Civil Service.

One of the most startling and disquieting symptoms of the present day is the absolute unconcern with which the public view the unchecked growth of corruption, the canker whose disastrous results are slowly but surely spreading throughout the ranks of our Civil Service.

"Get Rich Quick" Officials.

During the past five years the Civil Service estimates have risen from £28,277,000 to £46,787,873. What is the explanation of this huge increase, amounting to eighteen millions, or over 72 per cent.? The facts show clearly that it has been caused in large part by that reckless extravagance and looseness of administration which enables a host of new-fledged officials to get rich quick at the public expense.

There have been no colossal "jobs," no huge defalcations. But the abject failure of the House of Commons adequately to check or even to examine the estimates they have voted—at the rate sometimes of one million per minute—has led to that worst form of corruption, that most insidious financial evil—"pickings."

Take a case in point. A few years ago the War Office purchased some land in the West of England for a rifle range. They paid (1) for the land, £20,000; (2) in costs to acquire it, £6,000! What would be said of any private trader, or of any Board of Directors, who were party to such a transaction?

No Satisfactory Explanation.

It was only when it came before the Public Accounts Committee that the matter was investigated. Then it was pointed out that the Treasury Solicitor, who had received this staggering bill of costs, was a paid official with a large salaried staff to discharge legal business connected with the transfer of Government property. That made the matter worse. But the committee could get no satisfactory explanation, and the nation paid £6,000 for what any outside firm of solicitors would have done for £600!

It is "jobs" like these, small in the item but enormous in the aggregate, that have sent the national expenditure up with a rush. Instead of lynx-eyed vigilance and scrupulous care, there has grown up an easy go-as-you-please system in checking the public accounts that threatens the *morale* of the whole of the Civil Service from the highest to the lowest.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, for instance, has maintained for his special use a yacht, called the "Enchantress." She proves a rather expensive enchantress to the nation. It costs thousands a year to maintain her, and she is rarely if ever used on the public business. Sometimes, notably during the office of Mr. Churchill's predecessor, she went to and from the Mediterranean, the cost of each trip running into four figures. All public ends would have been met if the First Lord had proceeded by the ordinary means of travel at a cost of £50.

The Cost of Commissions.

This useless expenditure to benefit officials is, of course, the worst form of corruption. Recently *Modern Man* dealt with the scandal of the Divorce Commission, which has been sitting for so long without reporting. But it is really nothing compared to the proceedings of the Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal. This has been at it for thirteen years at a cost of £62,862, and still it does not report!

The expense of these Commissions, by the way, have risen from £28,596 in 1897 to £77,064 in 1912. Their printing bills are enormous. Every answer and question is recorded. Every worthless plan or diagram reproduced, sometimes by the most expensive process. What the benefit is to the nation, except in a few cases, it is hard to say. But the printer gains—and so do some of the officials!

Occasionally it is found that these have nothing to do. Sir John Gorst, when Minister of Education, discovered whole rooms devoted to "ping pong," and told a House of Commons Committee so. A change in the Education Act had left the officials concerned with no work beyond the drawing of their salaries. Side by side with this anomaly other officials are getting fat by doing two men's work.

The Committee of Public Accounts last year discovered that £300 per annum "extra remuneration" was being paid to a Board of Trade clerk for acting as private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George, although he was already receiving a salary of £650 a year!

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XIII.—A RAG, A BONE, AND A HANK OF HAIR.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

The smart-looking young gentleman was wandering about Prosing's Emporium, having that lost look in his eye which is the sign manual of a helpless temperament and a natural inability to cope with the bewilderments of life.

Dunlop Kane perceived him, and swam through the sea of humanity to rescue him.

"Which department are you looking for, sir?"

"Oh—er—thanks. The gun department—firearms, you know. I—er—want to buy something to shoot with."

"Something to shoot with? This way," said Kane.

He took the lead, and the smart looking young man followed him. They descended to the basement, where the gun department had a room to itself. "All right, I'll see to this," said Kane to the indigenous assistant who was moving forward to attend to them. In his capacity as Expert Adviser and Primary Assistant to Mr. Prosing, Dunlop had a free hand to deal with whatsoever customers he liked. He now asked the smart looking young gentleman: "What is it you would be expecting to shoot, sir?"

The reply was peculiar.

"I fail to see what necessity there is to discuss my private affairs with you. I—er—want a pistol—the deadliest and most powerful you've got."

Dunlop Kane looked at him.

"I'm told the Brownhill is the best."

"Yes; we stock the Brownhill," said Kane. "You have your gun license with you, I presume?"

"Oh—er—must I produce it? I did think to bring it, in case of eventualities."

He fished it out, with hands that trembled a little. Kane read the name on it: "Duncan Briskit, 37, Denman Chambers, Germaine Street, London, W." He wrote the particulars on the tablet of his mind.

"You can shoot?" he asked, as he opened the leather case which contained the baleful looking weapon.

"Oh, yes, tolerably well. Will you kindly explain its working to me? And—er—have you some place here where I can test my marksmanship?"

"We've a proper shooting gallery; I'll take you there in a moment." There was really no reason why Kane should feel curiously uneasy. But he undoubtedly was so. And he subjected Mr. Briskit to a close but unobtrusive scrutiny while initiating him into the mechanism of the deadly Brownhill pistol.

Mr. Briskit expressed himself as highly pleased with it.

"May I send it for you?" asked Kane.

"No, thanks; I'll take it with me."

"We have boy messengers galore."

"I—er—prefer to take it myself."

Dunlop Kane wrapped up the parcel. He was out of sight of his customer as he performed the operation. He mused to himself, after the smart looking young gentleman had gone: "There are certain little obstructions one may place in the path of Chance. But if Chance, own brother to Fate, has already made up its mind to achieve some objective—well, a poor weak mortal is like a fly upon the wheel."

He committed Mr. Briskit to Allah.

* * *

Allah, however (or perhaps Chance), willed it that Dunlop Kane should not have done with Mr. Duncan Briskit altogether for that day. The threads of life are inexplicably intermixed—engaged in weaving that one great pattern of humanity, which, if ever mankind should see it, will cause it most wondrous admiration.

Dunlop Kane dined at Bluemel's that night. He occupied a recess at the far end opposite the band dais, whence he could watch the gay and animated scene, with the additional advantage of being inconspicuous himself.

His attention was attracted presently to a table near at hand, where a sallow, distinguished looking man sat vis-a-vis with a radiant and beautiful woman. His attention was attracted to them for no other reason than that the woman was Maudie Varenda, the latest scintillation in the music-hall firmament, who had recently created such a sensation in her equatorial sketch, "The Nightlight Girl." She was undeniably beautiful, with the quick, rich vitality of an animal in perfect health.

Kane, watching, suddenly found his glance drawn to a figure wending its way through the room. It was Duncan Briskit, with a curious fixed look in his eyes and hardly a vestige of colour in his cheeks. He had the appearance of a man who is walking in his sleep.

He chose a table close to Maudie Varenda, and with a hand supporting his chin, steadily regarded her. As the waiter approached he gestured him away.

Kane was aware of an unpleasant premonitory thrill. He continued to eat his dinner, but with a veiled observation which overlooked nothing.

The woman seemed unconscious of being scrutinised—or she was perhaps so used to it that she considered it her due. Her talk was very animated. She brought eyebrows, and dimples, and quick little motions of shoulders and hands into use, to illustrate her meaning. She was an embodiment of feminine enticement. All at once she glanced casually across her shoulder—halted in what she was saying—and seemed temporarily confused. She smiled ravishingly at Briskit, whose expression did not change, however. Thereafter she was not herself—seemed distraite, artificial. Soon she gathered up her gloves with a little moue of annoyance. Her companion was quickly on his feet, and together they went out, with Briskit's eyes following them.

His hand wandered to his coat-tails, but he suddenly seemed to change his mind, and called the waiter to him, giving him an order. A glass of spirits was brought to him, and he tossed it off, then proceeded towards the exit with a slightly unsteady sway. Kane was at his heels, prepared for emergency, equipped with a plan of his own.

Miss Varenda had disappeared. But without hesitation Briskit hailed a taxi, and, giving an address, stepped in. Kane held up his finger to another, and said: "You see that car ahead? Follow it till I tell you to stop." The man seemed to understand. Ten minutes later they braked to a halt in Victoria Street.

Kane followed Briskit into the half-lit hall of a block of flats. The lift was just shooting aloft, robbing him of his quarry by hardly more than a second. He paced about, fuming. It was useless to take the stairs, through his ignorance of the floor Briskit had gone to. The lift did not come down. He pressed the bell; but still it did not come.

At the moment that he had determined that he must "take the stairs and chance it," he heard the clatter of feet upon them; and Briskit dashed by him, blazing-eyed and panting. He stood shaking on the pavement, with glance darting to right and left. Kane took him by the arm. "Steady on, old chap," he said. "All right."

"I've killed her," sobbed Briskit incoherently. "I swore that I'd shoot her, and I've done it!"

"Just so," said Kane, who was cool. "Come this way," and he took him down a side street, and, tightening his grip, led him on and on, walking hard.

Slowly the story came out: the usual story of infatuation, disillusion, and dementia.

"Now listen to me," said Kane, as the young man's fever abated, and the cold reality of his deed came home to him with its shudderings of remorse; "did you use that pistol which you bought at Prosing's this morning?"

The reply was a stare. Until this moment the young man had not recognised him. He nodded.

"Just as it was?"

"Just as it was. You told me you had loaded it."

Kane breathed deeply with relief. "Then that's all right," he said. "It wasn't loaded at all. I extracted the bullets, expecting some crack-brained folly of this kind. No, don't thank me! I can guess what happened; you had one plug at her, then bolted like a scared hare, not waiting to see what the result was. Do you remember those lines of Kipling on "The Vampire"? "A fool there was, And he made his prayer, Even as you or I, To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair . . .?"

The young man groaned.

"You'd better clear out of England till the trouble blows over," said Kane.

(Another complete story next week.)

CURRENT BOXING.

Johnson and Cheap Advertisements.

The welterweight trouble of last season, which, after a series of elimination contests, appeared to be settled by the victory of Johnny Summers over Arthur Evernden, looks like developing into one of the principal features of the present season. Johnny, who has, after ten years of dogged persistence, at last gained a championship, means to hang on to that belt with both hands.

But several determined members of the 10st. 7lbs. brigade are after his scalp, and what is more, Johnny knows that he is up against it. Apart from his appointment with Sid Burns at headquarters, he will have to reckon with the sound claim which Private Tom McCormick has established.

McCormick has been winning all along the line, and on Friday evening next he will meet Jack Goldswain, who should provide a tough opposition, with his wide knowledge of ring generalship. Should McCormick prove successful next Friday, he will have the soundest claim possible to a match for the championship, and in view of his recent performances he is just the man to give Summers a hard fight and a possible beating.

The proposed contest between Bombardier Wells and Carpentier still hangs fire, and probably nothing will be arranged until after the Carpentier v. Papke contest on the 22nd inst. Poor Billy! He must feel like the dog on the end of a chain licking his lips and longingly regarding a bone just out of his reach.

By the way, what about that light-heavyweight Lonsdale belt? Surely it won't be allowed to escape ownership for yet another season. All the other belts are allotted, and there is no reason why two of our best "light-heavies" should not argue the matter out. Who said Pat O'Keeffe and Bandsman Rice?

It is rumoured that Jack Johnson is entering into negotiations with Mr. Hugh D. Mackintosh for a contest with Sam Langford and Sam McVey. This may be taken seriously only when the men are in the ring. Johnson's ideas of cheap advertisement are beginning to fizzle out, and it looks as if he is returning to his old dodge of contract-breaking in order to keep himself in the limelight.

ONE OF THE BEST.

One can say a lot of nice things about a particular article, but the real test comes in the use of same. For some time now the Editor of *Modern Man* has tried his favourite brand of tobacco in the bowl of an Unbay pipe, and without the slightest hesitation he ranks it as one of the best to be obtained. So readers in want of a good pipe are advised to write to the Unbay Pipe Co., 51, Commerce House, Clerkenwell Road, London.

The Guv'nor's Son: "The works are at a standstill! The hands have stopped."
The Chief Clerk: "What! Another strike?"
The Guv'nor's Son: "No. The clock's stopped."

THE GRAMOPHONE CLOCK.

New and Interesting Possibilities.

Some striking testimony has been added anent the allegation that the Germans are a long way ahead of us in originality. They have just invented a remarkable clock—not one of your grandfatherly affairs, but an up-to-date specimen of horological art. It doesn't even crow like an intelligent cock, but actually exclaims "Ein, zwei, drei," etc., in the Kaiser's best German.

Useful for Weary Wife.

This is a distinct advance on our present idea of a clock, and it suggests many new and interesting possibilities. Not to be "behind the times," let us go a step farther and invent a proper speaking clock—a simple combination of the gramophone and the ordinary "striker." Such an instrument might not only "tell" the time, but could make a few general observations to suit the particular circumstances. To illustrate this idea, we will take a few characteristic examples.

The wife has waited patiently till midnight for the "prodigal's" return. He, of course, has been detained on business, as per usual formula. The wife, weary of waiting, winds up the gramophone clock and goes to bed. When the hubby succeeds in fitting the keyhole to the key, and ultimately reaches the dining room, the clock might repeat in ominous tones:

"It's three o'clock—and a late hour too,
I wouldn't wait up any longer for you;
But don't look so pleased—you'd better take warning,
I'll give you my mind first thing in the morning."

What splendid opportunities this would give the timid man to escape the fury of his wife by rushing off to "biz." very early next morning! He might even, if he is daring enough, turn on the clock to some such rejoinder as:—

"It's half-past ten and I wanted to say
It's time you were up—I'm out of the way."

Message from Big Ben.

The owners of Big Ben might make a fair revenue by charging a fee for delivering messages to belated parties who make and break appointments within its precincts. Suppose, for example, Gerald had to meet Gertrude at 5 p.m. and gave up his game of patience at 6.30—well, he might arrange that when Gertrude arrived later (if at all) Big Ben looked down upon her and remarked:—

"Poor Gerald, he waited from five till six-thirty,
But waited in vain for his own darling Gertie.
It's now nearly seven—no more could he wait,
So turn up to-morrow, and don't, dear, be late."

Then we could have the Tariff Reform clock, guaranteed to provide a fresh fact every hour. Thus, for example, it might say:—

"It's one c'clock; to great and small
Tariff Reform means work for all."

And the Free Trade rival might retort:—

"It's half-past nine; Reform, I vow,
Would keep you working even now."

As a moral aid, the clock might be made to deliver texts and warnings at suitable intervals to satisfy the most fastidious moralist:—

"Ah, brethren, now 'tis striking ten—
A stitch in time saves nine—amen!"

or as a warning to nightbirds it might repeat:—

"'Tis half-past ten—the day has sped,
And all good folks should be in bed;
If by the time I strike eleven
You're not in bed—then farewell heaven."

Reminder of Misdeeds.

The prison clock might be used to remind criminals of their past misdeeds and advise them to make future amends, or it might be used as a punishment by reminding prisoners of their particular sentences. The old offender might be worried with:—

"Once more 'tis two, and in your ears
I'll drum this hour for seven years."

When the term does not exceed fourteen days, the prisoner might be consoled with a statement of exact details; for example:—

"It's June the first, just half-past two;
You've still ten days three hours to do."

These are just a few of the many uses to which a gramophone clock might be put. A fortune awaits the inventor of this household necessity.

ON THE BALL.

Football Notes and Forecasts.

Judging by the number of letters I have received asking if I cannot give a little space to their branch of the sport, it is very evident that I have quite a number of Rugby enthusiasts amongst my readers, and I am happy to be able to comply with their request this week.

I had it in my mind a few weeks ago to give you my opinion of the South African combination now over here, but before doing so preferred to see them play.

Owing to a prior engagement, I was not able to witness their opening match against Somerset, but I managed to get to Exeter to see them play against the champion county—Devon.

Comparison in Standard.

It may be rather early yet to give a definite criticism of the team as a whole, as they do not appear to have settled down to their game yet, but I have no hesitation in saying that they are not up to the standard of the combination seen over in '06. I am told by a capital judge of the game, an old International, by-the-way, who saw the "Springboks" at Bath and again at Exeter, that they were doing a lot better against Devon than they did in their opening game, and if such is the case then I am surprised at them winning by the number of points which they did when playing Somerset. However, that is beside the point, and I have to deal with what I saw myself.

In the open they play the real type of Rugby, their accurate passing, strong straight running, and clean hard tackling leaving little to be desired. There were times though when their play was a bit loose, and some haphazard throwing about was indulged in, which is likely to lead to their undoing unless it is stopped. They were, perhaps, fortunate that it did not let them down in this particular game, but it is not likely that fortune will always carry them through, especially when they come to meet the best of the Welsh teams.

Their Strong Point.

Their line out work is the strong point at present, and they are particularly good here. On the other hand, there is plenty of scope for improvement in the scrum; their packing is both loose and high, and they have something to learn in the art of getting the ball out.

A point that must not be overlooked is that as yet the members of the team are comparative strangers to each other so far as their play is concerned, and, as I have already said, they have not yet properly settled down, but when they do they are pretty certain to put up some capital games without earning the reputation of the previous team we saw over here.

* * *

The Villa's Success.

A few weeks ago I ventured to say that Aston Villa had one of the finest teams in the country, and predicted a glorious season for them, but I must admit that I never dreamed of them doing anything like what they did against Sheffield Wednesday. One thing certain is that no other first-class team will accomplish the same score again this season, and I am prepared to lay long odds on my opinion if I can find any takers.

Appended are what I consider a few likely results this week:—

HOME WINNERS.
ASTON VILLA.
CHELSEA.
LINCOLN CITY.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE.
MILLWALL.
MERTHYR TOWN.

AWAY WINNERS.
MIDDLESBOROUGH.
MANCHESTER CITY.
FULHAM.
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
CRYSTAL PALACE.

POSSIBLE DRAWS.
Newcastle United and West Bromwich.
Liverpool and Blackburn.
Hull City and Birmingham.
Exeter and Norwich.
Swindon and Northampton.

MY NOTE BOOK.

INTERESTING INCIDENT IN A TRAIN.

A few days ago, while travelling down into Gloucestershire, where I enjoyed a game of golf, I had a somewhat amusing and interesting experience. Sitting opposite me in a smoking compartment, in which were four other travellers, was a smart looking young man, whose bearing provided abundant proof that athletics were not neglected by him.

During the journey he produced from his pocket a copy of *Modern Man* and for some time appeared deeply engrossed in its contents. At last he handed me the loan of it, and naturally wishing to know his true opinion of the paper, I ventured the remark "What do you really think of it?"

The reply furnished gratified me very much. "Great," he said, "thoroughly up-to-date and topical." Turning to the back page, I asked my enthusiastic reader if he had tried one of the safety razors advertised, and the answer again delighted me. "Yes," he responded, "it was the offer of the razor that first introduced me to *Modern Man*. Subsequently I sent for both the shaving set and a fountain pen, and they are wonderful value."

The smart-young man opposite left the train before I did, and without knowing to whom he had been speaking, but there is no doubt he will read this note and accept my best thanks for his practical demonstration of the keen interest in his newly found favourite weekly.

* * *

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO LANCASTER.

Readers in all parts of the world will, I feel sure, join me in tendering hearty congratulations to members of the newly formed *Modern Man* Club in Lancaster, and in the expressed hope that its life will be a long and prosperous one. This week Mr. Arthur Fitzsimmons, the energetic hon. secretary, has informed me: "We are going on very nicely, and though we only had 11 members to start with three weeks ago, we have now about 30. We started with one big room for reading, games, etc., but already we are negotiating for two more rooms on the premises, one for athletics only." Bravo, Lancaster.

* * *

HULL READER AND AVIATION.

The question put in *Modern Man* recently, "Will the air ever be conquered?" has brought from a Hull reader the information, "Yes, certainly. It has been conquered by both my father and myself. Twenty-three years ago my father caused a bit of a sensation in Manchester when he flew his first model, which collided with a 'bus in the street, and the cat used as 'aviator' on that occasion came in contact with an old gentleman's head, much to my father's detriment and pocket. Since then both my father and myself have improved on the same by working out counteracting mechanism, so that should the machine be caught in a gale or sudden gust of wind there are what we term resisters—i.e., the more the gale blows the more secure the craft is in the air." I hope to hear more from Hull.

* * *

A MESSAGE FROM AUSTRALIA.

In ordering some athletic badges to be sent to him in Melbourne, Australia, "A.B." has written me an interesting letter. Formerly of Shepton Mallet, Somerset, and a member of the League, he says: "I have been out here for fifteen months and am a butcher by trade. When in Bristol I used to put in about 100 hours a week, but now only do 52 hours a week, and I assure you I would not work the hours at home again for anything. At the same time, I think too many are being sent out to this country, and in Melbourne alone there are about ninety butchers out of employ. The trouble is that more than half of the number sent out to go on the land do not go, but stay in the towns.

"I am more than ever pleased with *Modern Man*, and wish it every good luck."

Same to you, "A.B.," and am glad that, despite the overcrowding, you are doing well.

* * *

"MODERN MAN" DANCE AT NEWCASTLE.

The *Modern Man* second annual dance at Newcastle-on-Tyne will be held in the Masonic Hall, Shields Road, on Tuesday, November 12th, and I sincerely hope that my Newcastle readers will rally round and give the function their whole-hearted support.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 14: SIR DAVID BURNETT.

To the public man, interested in the welfare of any particular big city, the honour of being elected Lord Mayor must give a tremendous amount of pleasure. For one thing, it has shown him that his services to the municipality have been recognised as valuable, that he is a man able to take up the reins of Government, and, quite apart from any feeling of egotism, this is certainly very gratifying.

To become Lord Mayor of London, the first and undoubtedly the finest city in the world, stamps the man as being somebody strong, business-like, determined and resourceful.

All this is Sir David Burnett, the Lord Mayor-elect. Born at Daiston in 1851, he received the first part of his education at a local school, and was a fellow student with Sir John Runtz, a member of the City Corporation, whose father conducted the institution. Sir David went to the City of London College, where one of his fellow-students was Sir Edward Clarke, now the president of the institution. He entered business at an early age, adopting the profession of auctioneer and surveyor, and is now one of the partners in the well-known firm of Messrs. Edwin Fox, Bousfield, Burnett, and Baddeley.

Sir David Burnett is, so far as is known, the fourth member of his profession to be promoted to the dignity of Chief Magistrate of the City, his predecessors in the order of priority being Alderman Farebrother, Alderman Musgrove, and Alderman Sir Whittaker Ellis, who died recently.

The Lord Mayor-Elect is a Fellow of the Surveyors' Institution, and is an authority on land values. He holds the appointment of surveyor to a number of public undertakings, and for the past twenty-five years has been one of the surveyors to the Board of Trade.

Sir David has been connected with the municipal life of the City of London for twenty-four years. Elected a representative of the ward of Candlewick on the Court of Common Council in 1888, he served the chairs of all the most important committees, and subsequently, on the retirement of Sir John Voce More, in 1902, was elected alderman of the ward.

Five years later, in 1907, he served the office of Sheriff on conjunction with Sir Charles Wakefield, in the mayoralty of Sir John Bell. He was chairman of the City Lands Committee, the premier committee of the Corporation, during the Diamond Jubilee year, and moved the address of congratulation to Queen Victoria, subsequently being presented to her Majesty.

During his shrievalty the German Emperor and the President of the French Republic visited the City.

The Modern Woman's Concerns.

The four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hazlett, of Mickleham, was sent to her bedroom the other morning as an undeniably proper form of punishment. As she ran out again she was taken back and locked in. Getting hold of a box of matches the poor little child set fire to the room and to herself, and was burnt to death.

At the inquest the distressed father was emphatic in repeating his wife's denial of the statement that the locking-in was by her orders; but, supposing it were, there was nothing in the act that was reprehensible in the slightest degree.

We are in hearty accord with the expressions of sympathy tendered to the bereaved parents by the jury. The one lesson of this most sad fatality is older than the invention of the modern match—make it impossible for children to play with fire.

* * *

Scene in a Church.

When a man is eighty-two and takes unto himself a fifty-year-old wife who has been servant to his daughter, it is doubtless very galling to the latter. That consideration, however, does not and cannot invalidate the contract.

Hence Mrs. E. A. Williams was extremely foolish when, at the marriage of her octogenarian father, Mr. George Ryder, to her somewhat more than middle-aged domestic, Jane Jarvis, she shrieked out "Stop it! stop it!" on the officiating minister demanding, in due form and order, but quite superfluously, whether anyone present could allege any just cause or impediment why the contracting parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony.

Of course, the parson didn't "stop it," and then Mrs. Williams still further jeopardised her dignity by remarking, with painful audibleness, to a weeping friend of the bride's: "Yes, that's right! Howl, howl! You ought to howl!" and by saying to her newly-made step-mother, at the end of the ceremony, "Jarvis, you laid that plot pretty well!" and to the author of her being, "Father, I'm ashamed of you!"

So are we, perhaps; but we shouldn't dream of making a scene like that. Mrs. Williams should have stayed away. She hasn't defeated the matrimonial machinations of the "plotting" Jane; but she *has* made herself rather ridiculous.

* * *

A Comparison in Wives.

The decrease in the number of marriages in recent years and the decline in the birth-rate seems to be a topic of great interest to those who study statistics, and affords endless opportunities to all who are anxious to criticise the modern woman, her ideas and mode of life.

The chief reason assigned for the former state of affairs (I almost said "sad state," for this is how some people seem to regard it) is that the modern woman is un-domesticated, unwilling to forego luxuries, and anxious to avoid swearing to "obey" her future husband in all things.

Helpless Creature.

Now, while no one will deny that the woman of the early Victorian times was more servile towards her lord and master than the woman of to-day, I very much doubt whether it can, with any degree of fairness, be attributed to greater amiability on her part.

In those days marriage was a necessity to a woman. Unless she married she was forced (for appearance sake) to live with a married sister or any other relative who would give her a home, for no matter whether she had private means or not to "live on her own," as a woman can now, would have been impossible.

Socially she would have been an outcast. She was a helpless, dependent creature, only too willing to promise to "love, honour and obey" any man who would provide her with a home and so give her that freedom from the control of her relatives, which she could gain in no other way.

Seldom in Love.

That she was genuinely in love I am inclined to believe was very seldom the case. Brought up to regard marriage as the only career for a woman, she accepted, with as good a grace as possible, the first chance; was told by her mother to do her duty, and did it as best she could. Her mind, like her chair, was always where it was expected to be, but that she was as satisfactory and companionable a wife as the average modern woman I very much doubt.

A man may find such a woman amusing for a few weeks or months, but for a lifelong companion he needs a "pal."

Recently I heard an engagement announced between a girl who is earning a good independent income and a man whose very precarious earnings do not equal half hers, and I heard her friends speculating on how things were going to be arranged.

Later on I heard that girl say: "Oh, Jack and I are real pals, you know. We are going to share all the housekeeping expenses and everything equally between us; then, whatever we each have over we have for our pocket money, dress, etc. I shall have more than he will have, because I earn more, but that is rather a good thing—women's clothes are so expensive, you know."

I did know, and I also knew that that marriage would turn out a success.

Not Indifferent.

Nor is the modern woman indifferent as a mother. That she is generally supposed to be I am well aware, but I do not think, with a greater knowledge of the world than her great-great-grandmother, she is less willing to undertake a great responsibility or lighter as the women of former generations appear to have done.

Bella (the chorus girl): "Don't you think it unkind to lock up the nature-man?"
Ella: "Well, dear, it all depends. You see, he was infringing our rights."

* * *

Child Foretold Brother's Death.

A remarkable story of mental telepathy has come to hand during the last few days. On September 17th the two-year-old child of a family named Burlini, in a great state of excitement, roused its uncle and exclaimed, "Our Emo is dead!"

Emo was the name of the child's elder brother, a soldier in the 6th Alpine Regiment, serving in the war in Tripoli. The family, who described the strange incident to several neighbours at the time, have received official notification of the death of the young soldier in question, which took place from gastric fever on the very night that the child had announced it.

What Pleased Readers say.

S. H. B. (Nottingham) writes: "I [illegible] than satisfied with the *Modern Man* Razor. Needless to say, I want more than the six copies of *Modern Man* away, and hope they will bear good fruit."

G. T. (West [illegible]) says: "Thanks very much for the present way in which I got the Shaving Set. I have a half-[illegible] razor, but it does not come up to the standard of *Modern Man* razor."

E. M. (Manchester) writes: "I have received the "goods" in good condition—for which I thank you—and would like to express the opinion that they exceed my expectations, as I consider it as good a bargain as any obtainable is that [illegible] the best."

F. S. (Leeds), ordering a second Free Shaving Set, says: "After using the Safety Razor you so kindly sent me, I found it A1, so as I want to make a present of one, will you kindly forward me another."

Writing from Nottingham, S. F. B. says: "Just a line to say that I am more than satisfied with the *Modern Man* razor. Please send me four safety blades."

T. P. (Regent's Park) writes: "Many thanks for razor and outfit duly received: it is splendid, and [illegible] 'something for nothing.'"

O. S. (Handsworth) says: "Shaving Set to hand. Thanks very much. All your readers ought to take advantage of your generous offer, even the ladies—for presents to the men folk instead of cigars."

J. C. O. (Bridgwater) informs us that our "Shaving Sets are absolutely the best. 'Nuff said."

E. W. L. (Chelmsford) writes: "Many thanks for the Shaving Set. I am very pleased with it, and it has been the means of getting two new readers."

Lance-Corporal Oliver, writing from the Submarine Depot, Gosport, says: "Just a few lines to let you know I have received the Free Shaving Set. [illegible] great success, and since receiving it I have not used my ordinary razor. All my messmates were interested to see what a good bargain I had got, and concludes assuring us that he would not miss his *Modern Man* for anything.

W. B. (Cheshire) writes: "Thanks very much for Free Shaving Set. I find that I am delighted with it."

F. E. J. (Liverpool), in sending for Free Shaving Set informs us that "The razor I received from you about three weeks ago is still as sharp as when I got it, in spite of its having been used about a dozen times."

J. P. (Bradford) says: "Kindly send safety razor complete. If as good as your fountain pen, it will be splendid. Wishing you every success."

A. Y. (Gateshead) is an enthusiastic reader, who writes: "I only bought my six copies to-day, but as I had already mapped out a plan of [illegible] are disposed of, and a [illegible] of my friends intended [illegible] to have a Shaving Set [illegible], so that the scheme is already bearing fruit in my quarter.

J. B., in a letter from Hull, says: "If the Shaving Set is as good as *Modern Man*, I shall be delighted."

H. M. (Cheltenham) writes: "Received your Shaving Set safely. It is a jolly good little razor and worth twice the trouble to obtain. With best thanks."

C. C. L. (Inverness) writes: "I received your razor a week ago, but purposely refrained from writing you acknowledging it until I had given it a fair trial. I must say it is really splendid, and has quite surpassed my expectations. I have now been a reader of your paper for over two years. I hope you will be successful in your attempt to secure 500,000 readers before the end of the year."

You can have Free

THE "MODERN MAN" Complete Shaving Outfit.

	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
" " Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d. Free to My Readers.**

Your Editor's Directions.

My Dear Readers,—

It is not necessary for me to "tell the tale" this week, as many of you have done it for me.

It is only necessary for you to glance through a few of my readers' remarks on the other side of this page to satisfy yourself what a rare opportunity you have missed, but it is not too late if you send now.

Just take your Editor's tip to send at once for the best bargain of the journalistic age and help to make *Modern Man* better known in your district, and arrange with your newsagent to always give us a good display.

Remember, all you have to do

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of *Modern Man* among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like *Modern Man*, but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on page 1450. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the *Modern Man* Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper, and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **absolutely free of charge.**

Address your letter to—

Editor,

"Modern Man,"

FARRINGDON HOUSE

FARRINGDON STREET

LONDON,

and mark in the top left hand corner, "Free Shaving Set."

6/6 for Nothing.

OUTRAGEOUS MORMON BLASPHEMY.

INITIATES AND THE ORDERS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

To continue: After what I have already described, the initiates were ranged in order in front of a lowered curtain and harangued by "Peter."

Although my memory of all the Endowment House business, from beginning to end, is vivid, and wholly reliable as regards every essential feature, and even as to matters of detail, I will turn to Beadel's "Life in Utah" for the actual words used in the ceremonial that immediately followed.

Adam and Eve's Response.

"Brethren and sisters," began Peter, " . . . the holy priesthood is once more established upon earth, in the person of Joseph Smith and his successors. They alone have the power to seal. To this priesthood, as unto Christ, all respect is due; obedience implicit, to be yielded without a murmur. He who gave life has the right to take it—his representatives the same. You are then to obey all orders of the priesthood, temporal and spiritual, in matters of life or death. Submit yourselves to the higher powers, as the tallowed rag in the hands of God's priesthood. You are now ready to enter the Kingdom of God. Look forth upon the void, and tell me what you see"—and here the curtain was raised.

The response was made by Adam and Eve, who said together, "A human skeleton."

"Rightly have ye spoken," declaimed Peter. "Behold all that remains of one unfaithful to those holy vows. The earth had no habitation for one so vile. The fowls of the air fed upon his accursed flesh, and the fierce elements consumed the joints and the marrow."

In warning allusion to the nature of the ordeal that was to come next, the Archangel Michael uttered solemnly: "Here all hearts are laid open, all desires revealed, and all traitors are made known. In council of the gods it hath been decreed that here the faithless shall die. Some enter here with evil intent; but none with evil intent go beyond this veil, or return alive if here they practice deceit. If one among you knows aught of treachery in his heart, we charge him now to speak, while yet he may and live. Brethren, an ordeal awaits you. Let the pure have no fear; the false-hearted quake. Each shall pass under the Searching Hand, and the Spirit of the Lord decide for His own."

Placed on an "Altar."

One by one the initiates were placed bodily on an "altar," stretched on the back, and the officiating priest passed a keen-edged knife as though across our throats. It was understood that at this moment, if any were false at heart, the Spirit would reveal it, to their instant death.

In the (published) "Argument of Judge Hemingrey before the House Sub-Committee on Territories," the following evidence is quoted from the written testimony of Ann Eliza Young, an "apostate" wife of Brigham Young: "We raised our right hands heavenwards, and took the oath of implicit obedience and inviolable secrecy. The women promised entire subjection to their husband's will; the men that they would take no woman as a wife without the expressed permission of the priesthood. We all promised that we would never question the commands of our authorities in the church, but would grant them instant obedience. We swore also . . . never to reveal the mysteries of the Endowment House.

Penalties for Broken Oath

"The breaking of this latter oath was to be followed by the most horrible penalties. Torture of the most excruciating kind was to be inflicted on anyone who should disregard it—his bowels should be torn from him while yet alive; his throat should then be cut from ear to ear; his heart and his tongue be cut out; and in the world to come he should inherit eternal damnation. There should be, and could be, no chance of salvation for him."

To resume my strictly personal narrative, we were now marched into another room, designated "The Prayer Circle Room." It was here we bound ourselves by the oaths spoken to by the witness I have just quoted, and here the Grand Grip of the Melchizedek Priesthood was given. We clasped each other round the hand with the point of the index finger resting on the wrist, and little fingers firmly linked together.

Terrible as it is to explain this, the place on the wrist where the index finger points is supposed to be the place where Christ was nailed to the Cross; but the nails, it is said, tore out, and He had to be nailed again—so the second finger is placed beside the index on the wrist. This is called "the sure sign of the nail," and if the grip is properly given, it is very hard to pull apart.

Electric Current of Prayer.

We men formed a circle round another altar, the women standing outside this circle, with their veils covering their faces. Our arms were linked straight across, and our hands placed on each other's shoulders.

The "high priest" knelt at the altar, took hold of one of the men's hands with his left, raised his right hand towards heaven, and prayed—at first in an unknown tongue, then in English. The burden of his petition was that the Lord would avenge on the United States the blood of His "martyred prophet," Joseph Smith: that He would hasten the day when they should be united states no more, but broken up by internecine strife, so that "His kingdom, established here in the mountains," might roll forth and fill the States, preparatory to filling the world.

The priest explained that the electric current of prayer passed through our circle, and ascended direct to heaven, where it "moved the arm that moves the world." Before he prayed in English, he told us the nature of the prayer about to be delivered, and insisted that we must all be united in "willing strongly" his every utterance.

When anything important was required from above in Salt Lake City, this electric current of prayer was set in motion, and it was declared that this kind of prayer was always answered. When President Lincoln sought to extirpate polygamy, the Endowment House rang with "O God, curse Lincoln!" and we were told that, in answer, God smote Abraham Lincoln, for whose assassination the Saints rejoiced and gave glory to the Supreme.

"Going Up to Heaven."

When President Garfield, who had also opposed polygamy, lay between life and death, and all Christendom was praying earnestly for his recovery, the Mormons resorted to their electric battery of prayer for his destruction also, and when he too died they attributed his death, like that of Lincoln, to the efficacy of their petitions. God did not listen, they proclaimed, to the false Christians of the world, but only to His true people, the Mormons.

The Prayer Circle being broken, we were all ordered to an apartment upstairs, the ascent representing a going-up to heaven. We found ourselves in a very peculiar place. The big room was partitioned off with a large screen. This fabric was described as "The Veil," and represented the veil in Solomon's Temple. Some Mormons asserted it to be the actual one, preserved from the days of Solomon, and now in the possession of "God's peculiar people."

On this veil-screen were emblems like those on our wedding garments—the square, compass, etc. It was rent asunder, the rent representing "the way opened up," whereby we could enter into the "Holy of Holies." Skipping the rather puerile ceremonial items that preceded our entrance into "heaven," I will say that when I found myself inside I was sensible of no emotion save that of disappointment.

There was nothing "special" at all on the other side of the veil, although the gods, "holy beings," and other *dramatis personæ*, who had taken part in some of the scenes below, had foregathered to receive us—the Devil excepted.

The "Sealing Room."

It was promptly put to me that if I did not wish to enjoy my heavenly glory alone, now was the time to fetch in any women I had brought with me to marry. The "Sealing Room" was close at hand, where wedding ceremonies were celebrated.

Did I mention that I had brought two? I was instructed to deal with them thus.

[As we find it impossible to finish the transcription of the voluminous notes of our remarkable interview with Mr. Wm. Jarman in time for this issue of Modern Man, *these extraordinary revelations will terminate next week.—Ed.]*

Are you "merely doing your duty"?

Andrew Carnegie says it is not enough. What must one do to succeed to-day? An article for all in business.

ACCORDING to Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire ironfounder, "merely doing your duty" is not enough to secure success in these days of stress and competition. "You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders, you must *work out projects of your own.*

Is that not so? Do *you* not know among your own acquaintances men who have grown whitehaired faithfully obeying orders and carrying out instructions, yet who are no further on the road to success than they were when they started their business career? You must know many such. There is not a firm in the country that cannot show such men; faithful servants, perhaps, but unfitted ever to be anything but servants.

How it Concerns You.

And now, just consider for a moment whether that is the future you are going to lay up in store for yourself. For after all, your future is what you make it, and unless you commence to do more than merely doing your duty, that may be your own fate.

But perhaps you do not see how you are to "work out projects of your own." Perhaps, you will object, your firm will not give you the opportunity because you have not had the experience to guide you. Your firm may be right, but what would they say if you could tell them that you had got advice on the subject from the most successful business men in England, including Mr. A. W. Gamage, head of one of the most successful firms in history.

For there is a way in which you can get advice on business difficulties from Mr. Gamage. And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restaurateur, and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of *The Times;* and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd., who has only recently seen his firm open the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

An Invaluable Book.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the Business Encyclopædia and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the Business Encyclopædia. For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

Is it any wonder, then, that over 60,000 successful business men and great business firms are already using the work? Can there be any doubt that you will be better able to succeed if you also have it by your side to give you advice in your difficulties and to lend you confidence in your decisions?

A Book on Business Free.

In this column you will find a special coupon for readers of MODERN MAN, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

But—and this is its most vital point for you—it tells you also *all* about this great "Business Encyclopædia," the work that MODERN MAN describes as "probably the most valuable work that any business man could have." It is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work.

Indispensable to Success.

Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet, or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to now anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Surely you realise the help this knowledge would mean.

It is only because 60,000 firms and business men are already using the work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of MODERN MAN for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work. But signing this coupon does not cost you anything.

A FREE BOOK.

This coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book on "Business Success" but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of "Modern Man."

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

Name .....

(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

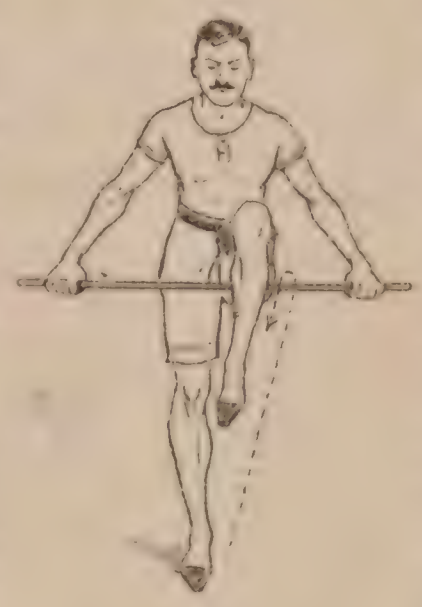
Stick Exercises.

An ordinary walking stick is a useful adjunct to physical development.

Balancing a walking stick on your forehead is a capital juggling exercise.

A fine movement for round shoulders is to be had in passing a walking stick held horizontally in front of the body over the head and then forcing it down behind the back until the arms are at full strength.

Lunging with a stick at a small mark or bull's-eye on a wall is good training for hand and eye.



Walking Over Stick.

One of the best stick exercises, however, is walking over a stick.

Take a stick and hold it in front of the thighs, arms extended. Now try to pass the right leg over the stick. To do this you will find you have to lower the stick and bend the body upwards.

Having got the right over, step over the stick with the left leg. Then recross the stick backwards.

When stepping over be careful to keep the leg straight, that is, do not let it twist to right or left.

The foot should not touch the stick when going over, and the stick should be a stout one which will not bend easily.

Walking over a stick is a first rate exercise for the muscles of the stomach.

"Dirty" Tongue.

H.P. (Chester), asks me to give "advice and remedy for a coated tongue." Difficult, if not impossible, without knowing the cause, which may be one of many. Excessive use of alcohol will produce a furred "dirty" tongue. The cigarette smoker's tongue is rarely clean. A coated tongue is invariably associated with a disordered liver, chronic dyspepsia, constipation, gastric ulcer and other internal ailments. It may also be due to bad teeth, which invariably upset the stomach.

H.P. says he has tried all sorts of things, but to no purpose. I am not surprised. You cannot cure a coated tongue (or any ailment) until you know the predisposing cause.

If it is alcohol or tobacco, abstinence from either or both is the only remedy.

If it is constipation, the bowels must be got into working order, not by drugs, though a dose of castor oil may be taken at the beginning of the treatment, but by regular exercise, cold baths, and plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables.

This is also the treatment when the foul tongue is due to a disordered liver, but here a blue pill should be substituted for the castor oil.

Gastric ulcer calls for medical, bad teeth for dental treatment.

In general terms, however, a coated tongue is usually due to abuse of alcohol or tobacco, want of outdoor exercise, or a deficiency of fruit and vegetables in the dietary.

I don't know whether H.P. has tried eating a raw apple every morning before breakfast. I don't say it will make his tongue clean, but it may do so, and, in any case, it will go a long way towards keeping him in good general health, and a man with a dirty tongue has something wrong with him somewhere, though it may be nothing serious.

Care of Feet.

If you are very fastidious you can treat your feet as you manicure your hands, only the nails must be kept short and trimmed squarely across. This saves your hosiery and prevents the painful ingrowing toenail which comes when the nail is rounded.

The remedy for this is to cut a tiny notch into the middle of the big toenail, or work a piece of cotton between the flesh and the point of the toenail where it presses into the skin. Callouses should be rubbed with a pumice stone or little rasp.

Answers to Correspondents.

"BICEPS" (Derby).—Sorry, but we cannot applaud your ambition to develop an 18-inch biceps. The object of physical culture is *not* the development of huge abnormal muscles which are generally worse than useless.

J.S.C. (New Cross),—Having had quinsy, you are liable to have it again. Avoid damp and bad air.

"OYSTER" (Sunbury).—Never take spirits with oysters. Stout is the best tipple to drink with the "succulent bivalve."

"DISFIGURED" (Honor Oak).—The greenish appearance of your teeth is probably due to tartar. Consult a registered dentist.

"HEART" (Leyton).—The pain over your heart is quite probably due to nothing more than flatulence. Try the effect of a pennyworth of bicarbonate of soda.

D.M.W. (Ealing).—Some doctors say that you should not drink at all with meals, others that you should not drink until towards the close of a meal. I personally agree with the latter.

B.M. (Birmingham).—Skipping, more especially with the rope reversed — that is, over the head, round the back and under the heels is a very good exercise for round shoulders.

C.F. (Canterbury).—There is no danger in getting wet provided you keep moving until you can change your clothes.

F.M. (Doncaster).—Has been eating grouse (why didn't he send a brace along ?), has swallowed a pellet, and feels alarmed. He needn't.

I.H. (Barnoldswick).—(1) Measuring from shoulder tip to shoulder tip and across the back, I should say that of a man of 6 ft. should be from 18 to 22 inches broad.

(2) Try mixing a few drops of either otto of roses or essence of bergamot with the oil or embrocation.

R.S.S. (Monmouth).—Is only twenty, yet he suffers from falling hair.

This is probably due to his being run down, or generally out of order.

He must first get himself "fit" by taking moderate outdoor exercise, living plainly but well, and avoiding stimulants and excitement.

He might take a simple tonic with advantage.

As to local treatment, castor oil scented with a few drops of otto of roses or essence of bergamot (see previous answer) is a fine remedy for falling hair. It should be rubbed well into the roots night and morning.

Cocoanut oil, compound camphor liniment, and ordinary paraffin are all good for falling hair, but the first thing, as I said, is to tone up the whole system and get thoroughly "fit."

R.R.T. (Bath).—At your age you will quite probably outgrow your bow-leg trouble.

Massage the legs for half an hour night and morning with the hand.

Put a handful of Bay Salt in your bath, which should be tepid in winter.

Sleep on a horse-hair mattress.

Kicking and leg exercises as previously given by me will help, but must be indulged in in strict moderation.

Pay particular attention to your footgear, and see that you do not walk on one side of the foot or with toes turned in. Take Cod Liver Oil.

A MEDALLIST'S RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thos. Jarvie, Junr., 104, Grey Street, Parkhead, Glasgow (Silver Medallist, "Health and Vim" Pose Competition), recommends "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" as follows:—Dear Sirs, I am still practising the lessons and am thankful for the day I wrote you, as it has opened out to me a road of possibilities not undreamed of. **Your Course places a splendid training within anyone's reach.** Hoping all your pupils have derived as much benefit as I have.—Yours faithfully, Thomas Jarvie, junr.

Develop your Will-Power, Concentration, Self-Reliance, Self-Control and Personal Magnetism. "The St. Settef Course" provides the means. **Only a few minutes daily required for exercising.** The fee for the **whole** Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only **2/6** (abroad 6d. extra.) Course sealed package. Seize this opportunity. Enrol to-day.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—Our Course is recommended by "Modern Man."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height), Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

OUR WHEELERS' COLUMN.

Cycle News and Bargains.

The Free Exchange Bureau, established for the cycling, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, continues to be widely appreciated, and the only stipulation which is made in connection with it is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

Towing a Disabled Machine.

When a machine is temporarily disabled and, either through lack of some particular part or other reason, it is impossible to effect a repair on the spot, the first problem to be tackled is how to get the machine home.

There are several methods of towing a broken down rider, but only one is really safe, and that is as follows:—A length of rope not less than twelve feet should be procured, and one end securely fastened to the luggage carrier of the towing machine, and the other end to the steering column of the disabled machine.

A start can then be made, but to minimise the shock of the first pull the rider behind should hold up the rope in his hand, gradually paying it out until a reasonable speed has been reached, when he may let go and leave the rope taut between the two machines.

When going down hill, however, he should again hold up the rope to prevent its slacking and getting entangled in the front wheel, and on going through traffic the rope should be entirely detached and held by the hand only so that in an emergency it can be let go.

MOTOR CYCLE REPLIES.

R.W. (West Kensington) writes:—When I am running my machine and lift the exhaust loud explosions occur, and sometimes the machine keeps on misfiring and then stops altogether, I just look over and generally examine the machine and it starts again, but I do not know what is wrong or how I put it right.

A.—The loud explosions are caused by the exhaust valve lift wire stretching, and consequently not lifting the valve high enough; the remedy is to shorten this wire about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch. With regard to the sudden stoppages, it is hard to diagnose this trouble without seeing the machine, but as you say the ignition is by accumulator, the probable fault is a short circuit in the wiring of the ignition. Go very carefully over this, using insulating tape when necessary.

R.G.O. (Stamford Hill) writes that his machine, after running two yards, stops, but on flooding the carburettor, which floods quickly, another short distance can be covered.

A.—This mysterious trouble is caused by a piece of dirt in the carburettor which, in course of running, sucks into and stops up the jet, and in vigorously flooding the carburetter is floated away from the jet only to return there a few minutes later. The remedy is to thoroughly clean the whole of the carburettor, taking care when replacing to give the various screws a few turns at a time. Not to screw up one tight before commencing on another.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Triumph, 1912½, Lucas Lamp; all spares; new Palmer; £40.—Park, 167, Maricbinne, Wigan.

Rover, 1912, free engine; as new, £48.—Motor Box, 61, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

[illegible], 1910, 4-h.p., two-speed, free engine; Palmer tyres, £32.—Motor Box 62, "Modern Man," (as above).

CYCLES.

Rudge, Aero Special, 24-inch tyres, good; in running order, £2. Bargain.—Full particulars Cycle Box 28, "Modern Man" (as above).

Dunlop Lea Tandem, Gent.'s, Reynolds chains, Brook's saddles; splendid condition; accept £6 10s.—H. Binstead, 41, Catford Hill, Catford, S.E.

Rudge, 26-inch, Eadie-Fagan, two-speed coaster, brand new Palmers; [illegible]; £4, or exchange.—Sykes, 72, Luck Lane, Marsh, Huddersfield.

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

_____

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Name and Address_____

Don't Wear a Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience I have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women, or Children, that Cures Rupture.

I SEND IT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and I will send you free my Illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

The above is C.E. Brooks, who has been Curing Rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write to him to-day.

I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

I send it on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my thousands of patients whose letters are now on file in my office. Fill in this Free Coupon and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

C. E. Brooks, 601, Bank Bldgs. (corner of Portugal-street), Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please write plainly.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

THE LEAGUE BADGE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices.

OUR ATHLETIC BADGE.

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.

18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Athletic Badge for Costume ..... 2s. 6d.

Athletic Badge for hat or cap ..... 1s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The Balkan business has quite upset markets, and naturally dealings in speculative stocks and shares have been the worst sufferers.

* * *

The heavy selling in nearly all markets has been principally caused through the panic in Berlin and on the French Bourse.

* * *

I cannot help feeling, however, that the worst is over as regard the fall in shares, and now that the market has been well cleared of the weak speculator we can look for a sharp rally, especially in the good things.

* * *

Districts and Great Central Preferred have kept remarkably firm, and the traffic figures issued for the last quarter shows that the District has gone ahead at the rate of over 12 per cent., while the average advance among other underground rails is 4 per cent. only. The actual traffic increase for the first quarter is £17,100 against the next best in Metropolitan Consolidated of £7,100 only.

* * *

Districts are worth £50, and what is more they will reach this figure in the next two or three months.

* * *

The present price is £41, and I once more strongly urge readers with money to spare to buy Districts, as they are the most promising lock-up I know of.

* * *

Great Central Preferred are another good long shot, the quarterly traffic increase here being £142,800.

* * *

Here again we see Great Central making a better showing among the principal systems, as the increase is over 12 per cent. as against the next best, viz., the North Eastern, with 11½ per cent. increase.

* * *

Other stocks in the home railway market worth your close attention at the present knocked out prices are Brighton Deferred, South Eastern Deferred, and little Chats.

* * *

Some of the rubber shares are now back at very low levels, and I shall be happy to advise any readers of the best to pick up in this market.

* * *

At the same time I shall be pleased to recommend a member of the Stock Exchange if desired, as under no circumstances should you deal with outside brokers.

* * *

Dolok Rubber shares are still worth your picking up, and also United Sumatra.

* * *

I am collecting particulars of one or two other good rubber shares at low prices, which I hope to be able to give details of next week.

* * *

Very little has been doing in the Oil market the last week, but on the other hand this market has not suffered so heavily from the recent all-round depression.

* * *

Here and there you have a rare opportunity of picking up shares at a cheap price.

* * *

The Premier Oil and Pipe Line, although a somewhat over capitalised concern, is doing remarkably well, and recent cables speak very favourably of the steady production at the rate of about 60 tons per day from the new well Eileen.

Among Industrials Marconis have been very weak, and there has been a sharp fall in Cements.

* * *

I can only hope my readers have taken my advice to sell rather than buy shares in both these concerns.

* * *

National Steam Cars that I have frequently referred to show a steady increase in the weekly traffic and are well worth readers' attention.

* * *

I hear very well of Wall Paper Manufacturers Ordinary shares. The present price is about 17s. Last year they paid a dividend of 5 per cent., and even if they do not increase the dividend this year the yield is a good one at the present price.

* * *

Wall Paper Manufacturers Ordinary shares are a good speculative investment at anything under 17s. 6d. for a 2s. or 3s. rise.

* * *

In the Mining Section my strongly tipped Rhodesian Centrals stand out conspicuously as one of the only shares in this market that has not been affected by the heavy marking down in prices.

Rhodesian Central Mining can still be had at about 1/-, and my advice to you is to have some.

* * *

Either purchase from your broker, or if you write direct to me I will make sure of securing them for you at the best price obtainable.

* * *

Rhodesian Central.—Report by mail dated 28th August:—"Emerald Isle—Manager reports arrival on mine; beacons in order; have started work Nos. 1 and 2 shafts; values 10 dwts.; native compound near completion."

* * *

Another of my favourites, Rhodesian Land and Minerals, should certainly be picked up at the present quotation of about 5s.

* * *

Since I first tipped them at 4s. 6d. they have risen to 6s., but owing to the heavy all-round selling in the mining market they reacted to 5s.

* * *

They are a dirt cheap pick up at 5s., and in cases where readers have already bought I strongly recommend adding to their holding.

* * *

Rhodesian Land and Minerals will be one of the foremost and most active shares in the boom that we are certain to have among Rhodesian Land Companies.

* * *

Among Silver Mines Casey Cobalt shares hold strong at about £3, and a big rise is not only expected in these shares but also in Cobalt Townsite Silver, present price 3¾, also Townsite Extensions at about 30s.

* * *

The price of tin is still on the up grade, as it is now £228 10s. per ton for cash. There has not been any appreciation in Nigerian Tin shares, but the rise has got to come and is likely to be very strong.

* * *

Such shares as Rayfield, Bauchi Preferred or Ordinary, Narguta and Lucky Chance are worth holding.

* * *

Egyptians have been very quiet, but this market is bound to wake up now Lord Kitchener has returned to serious business.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

"Enquirer" (S.A.).—Cannot recommend the companies you mention for investment; on the contrary consider them a very risky speculation.

D.G. (Dulwich).—Do not sell your Districts.

M.E. (Norwood).—I cannot recommend any of the Marconi issues at present prices.

J.R. (Manchester).—I think Great Central Prefs. are worth buying, and Districts are very good about 41.

"SPECULATOR" (Liverpool).—Buy 100 Rhodesian Central Mining at 1/-, and 200 Exploring Land and Minerals at 5s.

H.H. (Edinboro).—You should take advantage of the present low prices to buy Oil Shares at once, also some Dolok Rubbers.

B.A.—I should advise you not to touch Brewery Shares. A good speculation is District Ordinary at £41. See my notes.

"JOHNNY" (Bolton).—Buy Casey Cobalt now, as you stand a good chance of seeing £1 per share profit.

M.G. (Surbiton).—I have no belief in British Burmas. I much prefer Malkop Pipe at 12s.

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THE DIVORCE SCANDAL.

"Modern Man" Readers and Their Views.

Following on *Modern Man*'s outspoken criticism of the scandalous delay of the Royal Commission in presenting its report, and the sweeping condemnation of divorce by Lord Halifax, President of the English Church Union, many letters have been received on the subject.

"Ecrovid" (Southport) writes:—

May I be allowed to congratulate you on the general excellence of your paper, and particularly on the attitude you take up in your article on the Royal Divorce Commission? It is the most sensible article I have ever read on the subject, and you could have no more worthy object than to help make divorce obtainable by poor people. I know of many instances where it would be indeed a blessing. A lady I know married a man who turned out to be an absolute rotter. He did not drink, nor did he strike his wife, but he was continually trying to break her spirit by every other means in his power.

Although he broke down her health he did not break her spirit, and eventually he left her absolutely penniless and with the worry of over £40 of debt to pay. I may say that practically from the time of the marriage the husband would not work and his wife's mother had to keep them both. The wife had never been brought up to any kind of business, and had it not been for her mother, the only thing for her to have done to earn her living would have been to go on the streets.

It was discovered that, shortly after leaving his wife, the husband was touring the country with a music-hall sketch company, the women of which were notoriously loose living.

Nothing has been heard of him for nearly four years, and owing to lack of means the wife is unable to obtain the necessary evidence for divorce, and if she could do that, she could not afford the costs of the action. This is just one example of a case which could be remedied by more sensible divorce laws. I am particularly interested in this one, because I want to marry the lady.

Did you ever come across such drivel as the words of Lord Halifax on the subject of divorce?

Here are two more typical cases provided from the North:

A girl married a man engaged as a traveller for a firm of wholesale jewellers. After six or seven years of married life, during which two children were born, the husband disappeared. He had sent his stock back to his employers, but no other trace of him has ever been found. Within a week or so it transpired that he had sold both house and furniture over his wife's head, and she was left penniless with two children—one only a few months old. This woman has not heard of, or from, her husband since he left three years ago, and has struggled for a bare existence by charing in the houses where she was at one time a welcome visitor. Some months ago she met a steady hard-working chap in a fair position, and thinking she was a widow he was anxious to marry her. This, of course, is impossible, so the poor creature has to go on slaving to keep herself and children out of the workhouse, while somewhere or other, no doubt, her husband is posing as a single man and is, to all intents and purposes, free.

Another case: A man married a woman, who after a few years became a confirmed drunkard. There were two children, and eventually the mother became so drink-sodden that the man applied for and obtained a separation order—he to have the custody of the children and to pay his wife £1 per week.

The woman is cunning enough to know that any misconduct on her part would enable her husband to obtain a divorce—though, if he did, he is still willing to pay the £1 per week—so she takes care not to commit herself.

The husband has now met someone who would be a good wife for him, and a good mother for his two children, and as the law will not allow them to marry, they are living together and the children are away at boarding school. If the present law was altered in a common-sense way, this couple could and would be married, and the children would have the advantages attached to a good home and good parents in contrast to their life at present—however good the schools may be.

We have been told that the report of the Commission can be expected shortly! Well, hurry up.

Jenkins: Yes, he asked me to go fishing with him, and when we'd got ten miles away he discovered he had forgotten the bait.

Watkins: But could you not dig some worms?

Jenkins: Worms? What in the world should we do with worms? A man can't drink worms!

* * *

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

I have now to give a definite selection for the Cesarewitch, and in view of the hundred-and-one things that may happen between the time of writing these notes and the day of the race, my task is somewhat difficult.

TULLIBARDINE and BALSCADDEN meet on exactly the same terms as at Newbury, when the latter was successful by half a length. Some difference of opinion exists as to whether Robinson's horse won on his merits or no, and in some quarters it would occasion no surprise if the placings were reversed. My own view is that TULLIBARDINE lost the race through not exerting himself to the full, whereas BALSCADDEN ran like the honest animal he is undoubtedly. When it is a question of honest running, it is always best to stand on a horse that we know will put in all he knows, and for that reason I shall look to the Newbury Cup winner to finish in front of his rival again, though I do not expect him to win. Were it not for the fact of IRISH MARINE being under a cloud, I should be inclined to include him as a possible winner, but as it is must leave him out, which is more than a pity, as he is such a fine natural stayer. Last week, I expressed the opinion that LADY EILEEN would not run, but now that her stable-companion may not go to the post, she may be sent in his stead; it will no doubt depend on what she has done in the interim. Of Taylor's two, ADMIRAL TOGO III. is surely too old, and I should say that PAPAVERO will be easily the best, and on the "book" she is held safe by BALSCADDEN, so that the prospects of the race going to Manton are not very rosy.

Newmarket opinion is to the effect that CLARENCEAUX will not be ready, and that MUSHROOM will be the best from headquarters. Butters' horse has not reproduced his three-year-old form so far this season, but is said to be better now than at any time previously this year, and if such is the case, he will beat more than beat him, though I doubt whether he will get this distance with his weight.

Personally, I have little fancy for RATHLEA, even in face of the fact that he stays, and moreover won the Chester Cup this year. Netheravon, always a dangerous quarter in connection with this race, can be represented by four animals, all in different ownerships. Of these, ULSTER KING and MAJOR SYMONS can be disposed of at once, the former on account of being very unreliable, and the "MAJOR" on his failure at Newbury, where I know he was backed for a good amount, and finished last.

This leaves us with ULTIMUS and TOOTLES. The former has not yet been out this year, but finished up last season by winning the Manchester November Handicap, and there can be no doubt as to his ability to stay.

A report has been current for some time that he might break down, but I pay little attention to this, for reasons of my own, and I am of opinion that he must have a good chance.

I do not as a rule pay much attention to those near the bottom of races of this description, but on this occasion, I must draw attention to TARA, who is a really good stayer.

To sum up, I shall accord my vote in favour of

ULTIMUS.

and if there is any danger, it may come from TARA.

Other selections for the week are as follows:—

WOLVERHAMPTON, MONDAY.
Autumn Handicap Plate: OLEARIA.
Netherton Selling Nursery: MURIEL II.
Walsall Welter Handicap: QUEEN'S LOCH.
Shifnal Selling Welter: FURZLEING.

WOLVERHAMPTON, TUESDAY.
Newport Nursery Handicap: AMERONGEN.
Stafford Welter Handicap: CHANCELLOR II.
Madeley Maiden Handicap: SINGAPORE.

NEWMARKET, TUESDAY.
Newmarket Oaks: SILESIA.
Champion Stakes: STEDFAST.
Clearwell Stakes: Mr. J. B. JOEL'S SELECTED.

NEWMARKET, WEDNESDAY.
A Two-Year-Old Plate: LIGHT BRIGADE.
Cheveley Park Stakes: MY DOLLY.

NEWMARKET, THURSDAY.
Ditch Mile Nursery: TREBIZOND.

NEWMARKET, FRIDAY.
Southfield Plate: ST. COLUMB.
Exning Handicap: GREAT SURPRISE.

ALEXANDRA PARK, SATURDAY.
Moderate Juvenile Plate: DUKE OF TIPPERARY.

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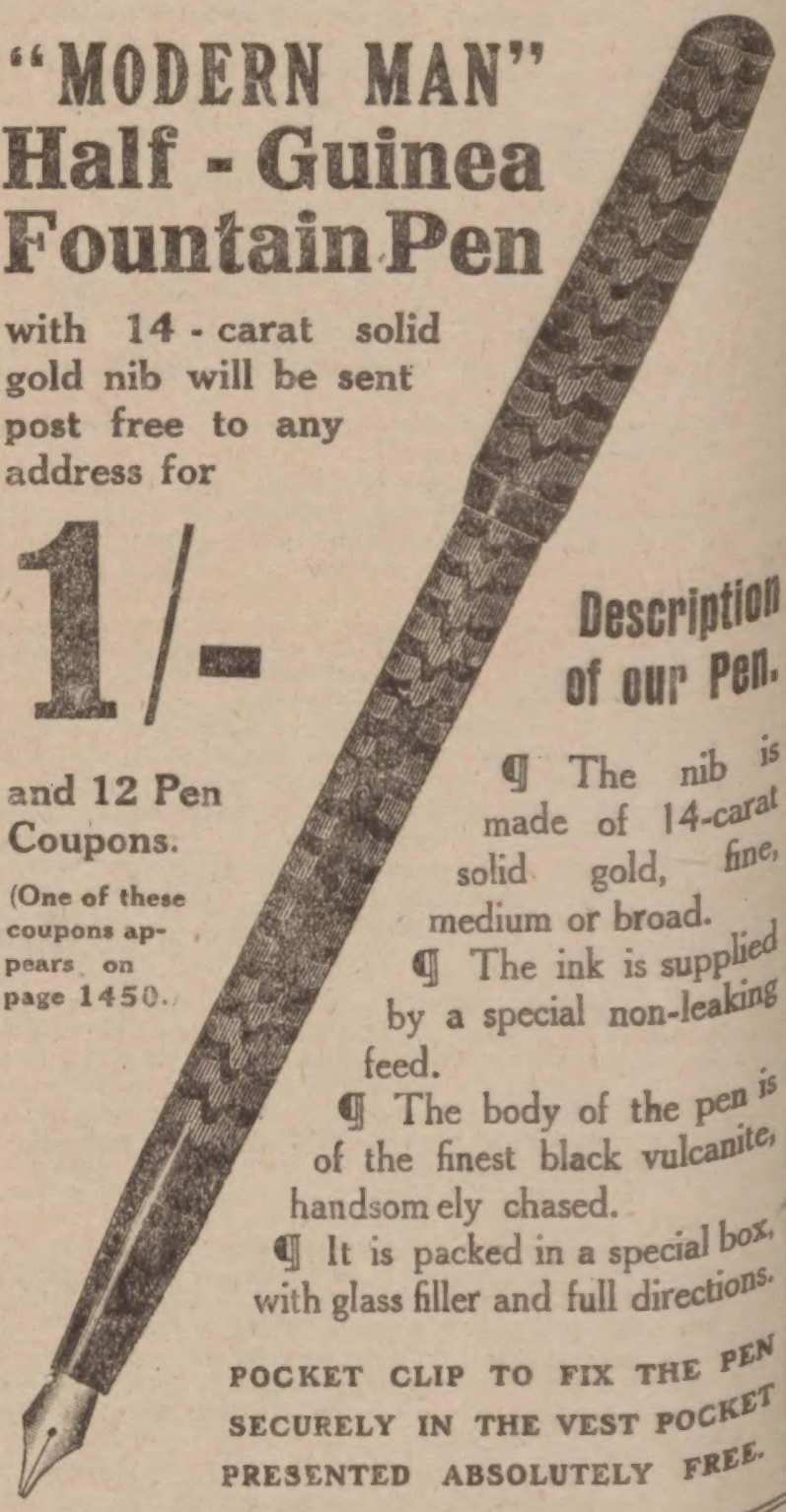

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE NEW "BOWLER."

The "bowler" hat for this winter is a distinct improvement on its predecessor.

Last year's "bowler" had a large but low crown, and a broad flat brim, practically devoid of curl.

It lacked distinction; indeed, in my opinion was little short of positively ugly.

The new billycock also has a large but low crown with straight sides, and the brim, which is fairly broad, is practically level from front to back.

But—and this makes all the difference—the sides of the brim are curled inwards, and this slight variation serves to make all the difference between smartness and commonness.

PLUSH HEADGEAR.

I fear that plush soft hats will be popular this winter.

I cannot explain exactly why, but I have never taken to the plush hat.

However, while I always reserve the right to express my personal likes and dislikes, my main business is to note the changing and coming fashions. So you may take it from me that plush hats, more especially in dark blues and plum colours, will be worn this winter.

CORSETS FOR MEN.

"Alan" (Glasgow) raises a very old question when he asks whether I approve of corsets for men? No, I do not, though I admit that masculine opinion is by no means unanimous on this point.

Of course few men wear actual corsets. The masculine "corset" is usually nothing more than a padded waistbelt.

Even in its modified form, however, I do not like the masculine "corset."

I think it is effeminate, and I am sure it is unhealthy.

If a man has a naturally small waist, he does not need a corset.

On the other hand, if he wears a corset to produce an artificially small waist—and for what other reason would he wear it—then he is constricting and probably injuring vital organs.

CLEANING BLACK CLOTH.

C.O. McK. (Dundee) asks for a recipe for cleaning black cloth clothes.

Boil four ounces of logwood in a vessel containing two or three gallons of water for half an hour. Dip clothes in warm water and squeeze dry. Then put them into the logwood mixture, boil for half an hour. Take them out, add three drachms of sulphate of iron to the water and boil for another half an hour. Then take them out and hang them up for an hour or two.

Take them down, rinse thrice in cold water, dry well, and rub them with a soft brush to which a few drops of olive oil have been applied.

BRIEF REPLIES.

B. P. (Colchester).—Yes, by all means have braiding to your morning coat. J. J. (Liverpool).—To lengthen the life of a silk hat, remember always to brush it before hanging it up when you come home at night. Most men only brush their hats before going out in the morning. "Bob" (West Dulwich).—As you do not like velvet collars, I should recommend you to have your overcoat made of dark grey cloth, with cloth collar and silk facings.

S.B.G. (Bangor).—For the last time, anyway for a month or two, I will give the duties of a "best man" at a wedding.

(1) Bring the bridegroom up to the scratch, sober, and with the ring in his pocket.

(2) Stand beside him while awaiting arrival of bride.

(3) Take bridegroom's hat and gloves when service begins.

(4) After ceremony restore bridegroom's hat, sign register, kiss the bride, and also the bridesmaids if they are good-looking and will let you. Escort chief bridesmaid to her carriage.

(5) On behalf of bridegroom pay clergyman, organist, verger, etc., their fees.

(6) At the house: Propose health of happy couple. Flirt with chief bridesmaid, if she's worth it. See that bridegroom doesn't leave his keys or money behind. Throw biggest slipper or largest bag or rice or confetti.

WASTED MILLIONS.

Absurd Expenditure on Present-Day Funerals.

People are dying in these islands at the rate of rather more than one a minute. In England and Wales alone nearly half a million people die in a year.

Barbaric Customs.

Have you any idea as to the cost of burying their dead bodies and providing hideous black garments for their living survivors? You may hardly believe it; nevertheless it is a fact that the cost comes to about £50 a head. In other words, the people of England and Wales alone spend the terrific sum of twenty-five millions sterling on the interment of their dead and on the barbaric customs which appertain thereto.

Four-fifths of this vast sum of money is absolutely thrown away. Ten pounds ought to be enough to put any body—whether prince's or pauper's—in the ground, or in the furnace of the crematorium.

The worst of it is that the nation as a whole is still a thousand years removed from civilisation. We cling to our antiquated funeral customs as closely as does the West African negro to his fetish rites. It is not a ha'porth of use to argue. Try it, and the only response you will get is: "Oh, it wouldn't be showing respect to the dead."

So the wife of the labouring man throws away every penny of the dead husband's hard earned savings or the insurance money in a coach with nodding plumes, a pair of horses, several carriages, and an assortment of dreadful, dismal, hideously unbecoming black clothes.

Controlled by the Municipality.

In Germany they do these things a deal better than we. In almost every town funerals are under the control of the municipality. Bodies must, as a rule, be removed within twenty four hours, and the coffins are generally of plain pine. German funerals do not cost half of what ours do.

Here at home you now and then find a person who makes provision in his will against futile expenditure on funeral pomp and trappings.

Lord Lionel Cecil's body was drawn to its grave on an ordinary Scotch cart with a farm horse in the shafts. Mr. A. B. Markham, M.P., has told his constituents that when he dies he should wish his funeral to cost no more than £5.

At the other end of the scale we have a Philidelphia publican, Mr. Bartholomew Shea, who sets aside £30,000 to build a mausoleum.

Educating the Masses.

Just think, if we could cut that twenty-five millions down to five, and spend the twenty for the benefit of the living! It would make the average toiler's lot a deal easier than it is at present.

But what can one do? It isn't a matter than can be legislated about. No, the only chance is to attempt to educate the masses up to a point when they will see for themselves the wicked absurdity of wasting millions on the dead.

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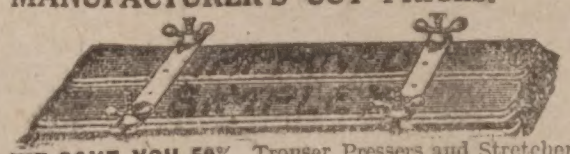

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The price of the Belt is not £5 (though many have told me it is honestly worth double this amount). It is only 5s. But I do not ask you to send me 5s. at first. I say to you send me 1s. *only*, and give me your waist measurement, and by return of post I will send a "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT which will make a new being of you from the moment when you put it on. You can pay the balance by instalments while you are wearing the Belt.

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